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ἀληθεύων ἐν ἀγάπῃ.—Speaking the truth in love.

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Staccato.

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THE tenor Masini was invited by the Sultan of Turkey the other day to sing before the ladies of his harem. After singing an air from "The Huguenots," he was surprised to hear a lovely soprano voice take up the *cantabile* which follows, and sing it through in excellent style. Masini was so charmed by the voice, that he made inquiries as to the owner. He discovered that she was the daughter of a high Turkish official, who had been sent to Rome to study music, and on her return to Constantinople had been forced to enter the imperial seraglio.

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BARON DE HORN, a well-known leader of cotillons in Paris, has been distinguishing himself by the invention of a new dance called "The Persian Lancers," which is said to be most amusing. The names of the figures are "Promenade autour du Monde," "La Corbeille du Shah," "Les Turcomans," "La Bayadère," and "Le Polo."

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THEY were two great tenors, and they loved each other with the affection of which only rival tenors are capable. They were at Dieppe, and when Monsieur A. went out into the sea for a dip, Signor B. swore a solemn oath that he would not bathe "in the same ocean."

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At the Theatre Social of Trent, when Verdi's "Otello" was given, the public did not rush in by crowds, so the manager placed a man at the door to invite all passers-by to enter. The parterre was soon filled with nurses and babies, workmen in their shirt-sleeves, and street-boys without shoes. This theatre is very appropriately named.

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THE island of Noumea has what is acknowledged to be the best orchestra in the southern hemisphere, and is composed entirely of convicts. Its complement averages about 120 pieces, and the whole is under the direction of a former leader of the Grand Opera, who is "doing life-time" for murder. The band plays music of a high class; and as in 1885 Noumea was the only place in the southern world where Wagner's music could be heard, many music-lovers came from Australia expressly to hear it!

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THE other day a man rushed into a capitalist's office. "Look here, splendid new invention, thousands of pounds in it. A musical box. Place it in every hotel in the country. You drop a penny in and"— "Well," said the capitalist, "I suppose it then begins to play." "No, sir; it leaves off!"

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OPERATIC composers need never in future have any difficulty about finding suitable librettos, judging from the following advertisement which is appearing in the Italian papers:—

"Composers who are in want of text-books for grand or comic opera, in any style, idyllic, heroic, naturalistic, or fantastic, should apply to the editor of the *Utopia*, who has several dozen in stock, and supplies them promptly and cheaply."

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FROM New York comes the news that "One of Wagner's operas will shortly be set to music by a distinguished young amateur of this city."

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WE have all heard of Wagner's passion for rich and costly materials, and the gorgeousness of his smoking and dressing gowns, and perhaps most of us have looked upon these tales as legendary. The *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna has, however, lately published a series of letters written by Wagner to a Viennese tailoress, Mdlle. Bertha, between the years 1864 and 1868. In the first he begs for delay in the payment of a large sum. In another he asks Mdlle. Bertha to procure for him a quantity of the most expensive pieces of satin of various colours, such as light brown, rose-colour, red, and dark yellow. In a postscript, he earnestly begs her not to confuse the crimson with a violet which he had before.

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A FEW weeks later he sends a long list of things which the tailoress is to procure for him, including six pairs of slippers of divers colours, couvre-pieds, ribbons, cushions, and yards upon yards of satin, most of which is to cost seven or eight florins the metre. The grand total of all these articles mounts up to 3010 florins. Pretty well for a man who was always in debt.

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A CERTAIN gentleman is so musical that he can only eat with a tuning-fork.

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AN amusing conflict has been taking place in the little Italian town of San Pietro between the clergy and a theatrical troupe who advertised a performance of a comedy called "The Song of Songs." Not content with pronouncing an anathema against the actors, the priests caused the bells of all the public buildings to be rung during the performance of the play, so that it was impossible for the audience to hear a word.

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"WHAT a wretched libretto this new opera has! Can you explain to me why the heroine was taken to prison after her last aria?" "Certainly, because the aria was stolen."

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A NEW YORK man stole a banjo "as a joke," according to his claim. The stealing of it might have been pardoned, but the matter became very serious when he attempted to play on the instrument.

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THE following romantic anecdote appeared in the *Dresdener Nachrichten*:—A young Swedish doctor attended Pauline Lucca for some ailment

which he was fortunately able to cure. So delighted was she at her recovery, that she broke out into song. Strange to say, the doctor also lifted up his voice and joined in the song of thanksgiving. Thus was a new "phenomenal" baritone discovered, who has lately made his *début* at Kroll's Theatre in Berlin, under the name of Herr Philip Torsten.

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ACCORDING to the *Minstrel*, Lord Hinton, son of Earl Poulett, who has figured as an acrobat and clown at the Surrey Theatre, has now become an organ-grinder, and frequents the most aristocratic quarters of the West End. On his organ is a placard on which is written in large letters: "I am Lord Hinton, eldest son of Earl Poulett. See Burke's Peerage."

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ACCORDING to one of our contemporaries, automatic distributors of *lorgnettes* have recently been established in the Opera House of New York.

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"WHAT'S that?" "Chopin." "I call it splitting."

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XAVIER SCHARWENKA, the pianist, is not coming to America. He couldn't get his name on the same ship. Probably the same reason keeps Engellebert Humperdinck, the talented young Wagnerite, from visiting the United States.

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THE New York *Musical Courier* contains the following story:—"Mr. Henry C. Dulax, near Pang Pond, Connecticut, is the possessor of a most astonishing freak of nature in the way of a musical hen. The Waterbury *Herald* correspondent having heard of this rare and eccentric bird, called on Mr. Dulax to investigate for himself. After exchanging a few words on the promising prospects of the crops this year, he was shown to the poultry yard, where Mr. D. scattered some seed and called the chickens. He pointed out rather a curious-looking hen, with a head much like that of a duck, with long legs and large spurs, its colour being red, white, and blue mixture. He made a sudden dive, caught the chicken in his hand, and said: 'Yes, this hen is of my own raising. It often spreads out its right wing full to the ground, then stands on its left foot, and with its right foot picks upon its outstretched wing, very much as an Italian finger a harp, which brings forth most surprising and delightful music. It seems to get the sound out of the feather quills somehow or other.' The hen took a sudden start and jumped out of his arms with a very musical cackle, and was soon lost among his hundreds of fowls. 'As yet,' he continued, 'it can only play two tunes, namely, "Douglas, Tender and True," and "Fifteen Dollars in my Inside Pocket"; but it isn't two years old yet, and we hope to see it do better after a while.'

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THE tenor, Heinrich Sontheim, has been singing at the Royal Theatre of Stuttgart. Sontheim is in his eightieth year, thus being seven years older than Carl Formes. He is

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asserted to be in full possession of his powers, his voice retaining all its original fulness and beauty!

DURING her season at Covent Garden, Nikita appeared at twelve concerts. She sang in all forty-nine times, and her *répertoire* included as many as thirty-five different pieces.

MR. LE ROY will be the first teacher of music to avail himself of the great invention of his fellow-countryman, Mr. Edison. He has ordered a supply of phonographs to be forwarded by the first delivery in Europe, and musical instruction by phonogram will soon be reckoned as another of the wonders of a wonder-working generation.

MUSIC has been allotted rather an important place in the periodicals for September. There is an article about Liszt in *All the Year Round*; "Foundation Stones of English Music," by Miss Wakefield, in *Murray's Magazine*; and "The Place of Music in Culture," by J. F. Rowbotham, in the *National Review*.

THE writer of the Liszt article gives some examples of the odd expressions used by the great pianist about musical matters. For instance, when playing was broken or jumbled, he would call it "buttered eggs" or "glue-pot." Timid or confused playing he called "old-maid music." A performance which was distinguished by many wrong notes, he stigmatized as "dirty linen."

MISS WAKEFIELD'S "Foundation Stone" this month is English national airs. Wagner used to say that the first eight bars of "Rule Britannia" contained the whole character of the British people. Miss Wakefield prefers to think the melody of "Drink to me only" more characteristic. It is curious that so early as the eleventh century Cambrensius remarks that the Britons do not sing in unison, but in as many parts as there are singers.

IN the sixteenth century Erasmus says that the English "challenge the prerogative of having the most handsome women, of keeping the best tables, and of being most accomplished in the skill of music of any people." How have we managed to lose so completely our character for the last *specialité*?

THE *Figaro* sarcastically remarks that one of the first steps taken by Mr. Basil Tree, the new director of the St. James's Hall box-office, "has been to provide a Baby Room, adjoining the artiste's room at St. James's Hall, for the accommodation of musical prodigies and their nurses. A competent *nourrice* will superintend the arrangement of cots, pap-boats, and similar things; while for the delectation of prodigies of riper years an apartment will be provided, well supplied with spinning-tops, cup and ball, penny ices, and other delights of the pianoforte prodigy, with a special window through which the musical critics will be able to look in order to record such important facts."

NIKITA has left us for a season on another Continental tour. The precise extent of the tour is not yet determined, but it has happily commenced with the acquisition of a new country to Nikita's ever-growing dominions. This time it is Denmark that is favoured, and we are sure that the music-lovers of Copenhagen will not be lacking in a display of enthusiasm.

NIKITA'S farewell performance at Covent Garden on the 1st September was an even more

brilliant affair than her Birthday Concert. On this occasion the promenade was literally packed, and crowds of people had to be turned away disappointed from the doors. Her last piece in the programme was "Come back to Erin"; but, of course, an encore was demanded. After the Echo Song had been listened to in breathless silence, there was a tremendous burst of applause, which culminated in a general shout of "Home, Sweet Home." The shout came like the sound of one mighty voice from a thousand throats. Nikita was much affected, and the tears stood in her eyes as she sang with a thrill of the deepest emotion those simple and touching words round which so many sweet memories are clustered.

Letter from Australia.

ADELAIDE, SOUTH AUSTRALIA,
August 1888.

EAR MR. EDITOR,—As one of your far-away subscribers, I feel moved to write you a word of thanks for the admirable "double number" we have just received from you.

In days gone by, before I thought of coming out to this far country, I shared in the delights of Handel Festivals, and felt, as no doubt many do, that there are elements in the grand old master's music that make it more fitly listened to from that great multitude of singers, there, with the sky and the sunshine, the birds, the trees and flowers, and the falling waters of the fountains about us, than in any more material building.

Needless to say that I have greatly missed all this glorious music since I came to Australia. Still, we are making progress here, and more than you may think.

For years we have had at least one annual performance of the "Messiah," and a few months ago the Adelaide Musical Association, under Mr. C. J. Stevens, formerly of Birmingham, gave the "Israel in Egypt," with a force and fire and precision that would have given you pleasure, accustomed though you must be to the best renderings of that splendid work.

You see we are chiefly English and German here, and therefore bound to love and appreciate music in general, and Handel in particular. We can but do our best, and are learning how to do it. Yet we are very far from *satisfied* with it (may satisfaction never creep in to spoil effort), and last June some of us thought very longingly of the glorious Festival being held at Sydenham; so that the July number of the *Magazine of Music* was eagerly looked for, and its Handel supplement heartily welcomed.

It is a generous gift, and ministers to many perceptions at once, with the beautiful songs and duet, the sketch of Handel's career, lightened by those touches,—grave, gay, and pathetic, the picture of the fine masterful face, the likenesses of his living interpreters, and, last not least, the account of that first Festival with its companion drawings.

The contrast between the first and the latest Festivals, the royal and the popular, painted by the engraving and the photograph, are suggestive of much besides music. But I need not pursue that further than to say I am glad more money is spent on the production of the music and less on the tickets.

Well, having thoroughly enjoyed all this, I am impelled to let you know of the pleasure you have given, of our appreciation of the highly intelligent quality of your giving, and of our consequent gratitude to you, the Editor of the *Magazine of Music*.

Pianoforte Playing.

CHAPTER I.

AMONGST the many things which go to make up the everyday lives of most people, pianoforte playing holds a prominent place.

The pianoforte is a favourite instrument, it is found almost in every house; yet, there is no instrument so little understood, and no accomplishment so universally attempted and so universally failed over, as pianoforte playing.

More or less, every young lady and many youths of the present day, at some time in their lives, have drummed and strummed through Czerny's exercises, to the intense discomfort of their family and their neighbours, and the fathers or guardians of these aspiring musicians have had to tick off various large sums for these same aspirations at the end of the year when making up accounts; we do not exaggerate when we say that not two in every such thousand of English children, even after having diligently tortured themselves and others, know anything whatever of pianoforte playing.

The fault, of course, lies with the present slip-shod method of teaching the pianoforte, so many teachers, from ignorance, laziness, or poverty, adopt, and also the total ignorance of most teachers, and therefore most pupils, that the pianoforte as a study is no less a science than an art, that the rules and forms require as much application as Euclid or the Greek verb; and above all, that the talent for music must be God-given and cannot be acquired.

Very few understand this, and of course fewer still trouble themselves about it. The majority of people see a pianoforte, the keys lie before them, there is no harrowing of the feelings in finding the notes, as is the case with the violin. It is all easy, all before them. They will learn the pianoforte, they think. It is a pretty accomplishment, it is even a necessary accomplishment, and they at once set to work. Five-finger exercises for one week, then they become impatient, they flatter themselves they have had enough, blissfully unconscious that the greatest European *virtuosi*, when preparing for their concert tours, daily devote time and attention to what most young students consider so easy, so far beneath their notice, so unworthy their attention.

Then these would-be pianists get a waltz, and contrive to learn it somehow; then they get another, finishing up with various polkas, mazurkas, quadrilles; after that they leave off, they have had enough, they want no more, their friends are satisfied, they are satisfied; but it is scarcely necessary to add, they are not pianoforte players. Such pianoforte players, however, are legion.

Or an ordinarily clever child with an ear for melody, chances to see a pianoforte open; like all children, the desire for sound is strong in him; down go the chubby fingers on the keys, a melody is picked out, the delighted parents see in their offspring an embryo genius, and *voilà!* here we have another pianoforte player.

In nine cases out of ten a teacher is procured at once, the special qualification of whom is that he consents to do the work the most cheaply; two years are spent over some instruction book; rather, let us say, with such a teacher two years are wasted. If the child has talent, of course

it is wrongly directed ; he uses his fingers before he uses his head ; in fact, the use of his head is left out of consideration altogether. A certain flexibility of the fingers is certainly produced ; but the musical training, the love, the life of the art, of that what is taught ? Nothing, literally nothing.

This is exactly the fault of the present general style of teaching, the intellectual side of the art is entirely neglected. Of course, the intellectual is a side beyond ten out of every twelve would-be players, it is a side not to be reached or attempted without trouble ; but then—

"*Omnia præclara tam difficultia quam rara sunt,*" or we may say it more shortly in the Greek, *καλά τα καλά*. Difficult indeed is the beautiful ; and there is no art more difficult than pianoforte playing, just as there is no art more beautiful, no art more satisfying, no art more full of resources—thanks to the magnificent literature bequeathed by the greatest of the masters—to meet the requirements of all minds, and to suit the whims, the sentiments, the vagaries of the moment.

In Beethoven we have philosophy, the hidden things of God and Nature revealed in symphonies of transcendent beauty. In his pianoforte sonatas, musical forms of perfection, there are depths of sorrow, of joy, of ecstasy, of hope, of despair, of diffidence, of fear, of longing, of pain, too deep, too profound, to be fathomed except by a few, a very few, and these the few apart. For the world, for the *οι νόστοι*, for the giddy, the foolish, the butterflies, Beethoven does not exist, any more than Plato.

Then we have naïve, simple Haydn, who never wrote without first playing, and who gives us music joyous, light, pure, free from all that is *banal*, all that is commonplace.

We have Couperin, Rameau, Scarlatti, with their grace, their quaint rococo charm. Their music brings us amongst stately powdered dames ; we can hear the rustle of their silken gowns, the click of their high-heeled shoes ; we catch a glimpse of lozenge-shaped patches, of snowy hair, of proud and brilliant eyes, ere they make a curtsey to us, and are gone.

Or we have Mozart—heaven-inspired Mozart—whom no custom stalks. Here we must pause.

No one, not Chopin, not Schumann, not Mendelssohn, exacts from the pianoforte player such an intense application of the intellect as Mozart. On one occasion Hans von Bülow, when lecturing to his pupils, spent hours impressing this fact on them alone. "I grant you," he said, "that the notes are easy to a skilled performer, very easy even, but in this easiness lies their very difficulty; the phrasing, the touch, the style, all these in Mozart are the greatest tests of the player."

Strange to say, however, one of the first pieces put into the hands of young students by silly professors are those very sonatas of Mozart.

Another amusing mistake constantly committed is over Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*, which we once chanced to see described—in a lady's journal—as pretty drawing-room pieces within the reach of most lady players.

If the writer meant the notes were within the grasp of most small hands, he or she would have been nearer the truth, but that these gems of Mendelssohn's genius are within the musical capabilities of most young ladies' intellects is a very comical absurdity. They require the mind of a poet, the gentle reasoning affection of a true art lover, and the touch of a Rubinstein to do them, or rather the ideas of the composer in them, justice ; besides this, easy as the notes of some of them are, they require years of training in a proper school of technique, and a thorough knowledge of harmony and counterpoint, before

their hidden classical beauties of form can be revealed or understood, otherwise they are just one of those innocent trifles which young composers litter their friends' pianoforte with now and then, and a voracious public quickly swallows and forgets.

Chopin and Schumann are generally allowed to be within the grasp—intellectually speaking—only of professional players, and these even only of the higher order, or of very superior amateurs ; still, not in England but in Germany, there is a like mistake constantly committed over Chopin.

Taking as a whole Chopin's pianoforte music, one selects the mazurkas at once as the easiest looking of the many books, and our worthy German friends, deceived by this, at once commence their study soonest. In the *abends* of the Conservatoriums they invariably occupy prominent places, and the notes of Chopin are surely always played, alas ! but the music, the ideas, the wayward inscrutable whims the composer seems to have caught from beautiful Polish women, and embodied in these *chef-d'œuvres*, where are they ? It is a harsh rattle of notes, no more. Played as these students play them, one of their own melodious waltzes would sound infinitely better, infinitely more musical ; but played by one who understands them, by a compatriot of Chopin, by a spiritual Pole, whose sensitive nature is daily writhing under the pin wounds of life, which a stolid German youth never feels, never even notices ; what music it is !

It is the music of one whose heart has been torn by the sorrows of his country, of one whose religion is a mystic emotion of constant self-abasement to the hand of a God that chastises, of a being who knows all the agonies of a pride which must bend to a fate making humility inevitable ; the music of a nature innately proud and scornful, overbearing in its haughtiness when not chastised, a nature wayward, impetuous, spiritual, which reproaches and retorts, yet always loves.

Outside the Poles themselves no one should attempt the mazurkas of Chopin. The art of their performance is not to be learned or acquired ; it must be there by birth, innate, unreasoned upon, a part of nature, and that nature only the tender, poetically pathetic one belonging exclusively to the countrymen of Chopin.

All these composers we have named are amongst those considered as the classics of the pianoforte, and the general public, unfortunately for themselves, are not interested in the classics, they prefer arrangements of operas ; but over this there is no disputing, *chacun à son goût* ; at the same time, new arrangements of operas require training ; and how much intellect is needed for a right performance one should hear Mr. Walter Damrosch of New York to understand.

Most young ladies and youths procure these arrangements of operas, the melodies of which are familiar to them, and how utterly surprised they would be were one to suggest to them that in an opera there is much more than the melodies, and that even to play such pieces one must have a trained intellect ! The most beautiful melody Rossini has written becomes wooden in the hands of a player who drums through it with a total disregard of light or shade, without the shadow of an attempt at understanding the composer's ideas, and with a cool disregard of time, rhythm, and phrasing, whilst the opera arrangements of Wagner-Liszt are simply unplayable by any amateur.

But there is a strata of pianoforte players lower still : those who play waltzes and dance music in general, and find everything outside

music having this monotonous style of bass, stupid and even meaningless.

These we dismiss with a smile ; they are the word carriers of society. The very incapability of enjoying anything higher than a dance tune is their riches, for they get gaily through the only usefulness they are capable of, that of accompanying others dancing, in those friendly gatherings one finds in every English household at times.

We do not class them as pianoforte players, however, and to those preparing or following suit we would say, by all means do so if it gives you pleasure, but inasmuch as you must have some trouble, buy yourself instead a musical box. It will play much better than you ever can ; you can change the tunes at will, and so save yourself all loss of time, and what is better still, save your own and the nerves of your family from being tortured and ruffled by your practising.

Of course till the end of time there will be bad players and indifferent players, but why there should be so few good ones is a question difficult to answer, so many reasons are apparent. First, the utter incompetency of the usual run of teachers to produce anything satisfactory, and amongst many others the inordinate fees charged by those who are competent. The fees of the Royal College of Music especially, considering so much public money has been sunk in the concern, when one compares them with kindred Continental institutions, are simply scandalous ; and, of course, unless the public can have cheap instruction from such institutions, they are hopelessly debarred from anything good, inasmuch as the private teaching of competent professors necessarily costs a great deal more.

Of course the public benefit second-hand, as it were. The College necessarily turns out a certain number of well-taught students ; all of these cannot make their mark in public, and so many must of necessity sink into obscurity, and thereby benefit their fellows by ousting from their places those unfortunate teachers who, brought up on a bad system, know nothing and can teach less.

The study of music is not one lightly to be taken up. It does not hold, although many appear to think so, such a place as lawn tennis or amateur photography in our lives ; it can only be taken up seriously and patiently ; and the best proof of its benefit to mankind lies in the fact that in the quadriorum of the schoolmen it had its place along with arithmetic, geometry, and astronomy.

No better proof of its importance can be given than this, that one of the three courses of study prescribed for Plato till his twentieth year (Draco of Athens and Metellus of Agrigentum being his teachers) was music : his studies in this course including a thorough mastering of the science, and a knowledge of the flute and lyre ; whilst amongst the great names history has preserved for us, we find those who were musicians and writers on music oftener than is suspected. We need only mention the names of Euclid, Aristides, Bacchus, Aristoxenus, Nicomachus, Alypius and Quintilianus, to prove this.

In the next chapter we shall give the first indispensable and general rules, after the method of Hans von Bülow, necessary to be observed by young students attempting the study of the pianoforte.



Souvenirs of an Impresario.

BY MAURICE STRAKOSCH.

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CHAPTER XIX.

EMINENT PRIMA DONNAS.

I HAVE dwelt at some length on the singers who have made with me one or more seasons of Italian Opera; but there are many others for whom I entertain profound admiration, associated with the same period in the history of song, of whose talents and successes I must say a few words. I will begin with Mme. Viardot, sister of Mme. Malibran, whose creation of the rôle of Fidès in "Le Prophète" is so celebrated. I heard her first as Rosina in the "Barber of Seville," and later, at Paris, in "Le Prophète," and in Gluck's "Orpheus." Those who have not heard Mme. Viardot in these three widely-differing rôles can never realize the perfection of her singing and acting. Never in all my career have I met with an artistic organization so complete as hers; a singer of exceptional merit, an admirable actress, a composer and teacher of the highest merit, a refined writer and clever artist; and, moreover, a woman of heart as well as mind.

Every one remembers Sophie Cruvelli, the most beautiful operatic soprano of her time, whose reign, only too short, was interrupted by her marriage to the Vicomte Vigier. Her principal part was in "Les Vêpres Siciliennes," by Verdi. Mme. Vigier now sings only for charitable purposes.

I must not omit from this necessarily incomplete list of the great singers the name of Mme. Miolan-Carvalho, the most distinguished of French artistes, who, in "Faust," "Mireille," "Roméo and Juliette," has never been surpassed. Gounod himself said of her: "Mme. Miolan-Carvalho is the Leonardo da Vinci of the lyric art." This appreciation is worth more than many eulogiums.

Mme. Marie Sasse achieved her principal triumph in Meyerbeer's "Selika."

Mme. Tedesco, who has lately, to the regret of all, left the stage on her marriage with M. de Franco, created the rôle of Venus in the memorable representation at Paris of Wagner's "Tannhäuser." She united with her wonderful mezzo-soprano voice a beauty so rare that it would be impossible to find an artiste better fitted for the part.

One of the latest stars presented to the Parisian public by M. Halanzier was Mme. Adler Devries, who obtained a brilliant success by her admirable performance as Chiméné, in Massenet's "Le Cid."

I must now speak of Mdlle. Mathilde Sessi, who enjoyed a great success at Paris, where, after Nilsson, she undertook the rôle of Ophelia.

I heard Mdlle. Sessi at Frankfort, at the request of Baron Erlanger, and was very pleased with her voice, but for one defect: she sang sharp, which indicated an incorrect ear, a fault not easy to remedy. I recommended her to study for another year before appearing on the stage. I remember remarking to Mdlle. Sessi, the first time I saw her, that it was a mistake to wear so large a chignon, as it spoiled the shape of her pretty head. "But how can I help it?" said she; "it is all my own hair;" and, removing a comb, she let loose a wealth of golden tresses

which nearly reached her feet. The Baron Erlanger married his protégée, and took her from the stage, paying the forfeit of the treaty she had made with me. Baronne d'Erlanger is now a leader of fashion among the great ladies of Frankfort.

The beautiful Piccolomini, who was the niece of a Cardinal, had a very brief career. When Jenny Lind left Her Majesty's Theatre, Mr. Lumley was only too glad to meet with Piccolomini, who sustained the repertoire of his theatre for two seasons by her charming gifts and incomparable beauty. She was enthusiastically received both in London and in America. She had no ambition, and always declared that she should retire when she had saved 250,000 francs; accordingly she left the stage when that sum was in her possession.

Mme. Trebelli, the admirable contralto, has happily, not followed Piccolomini's example. Her name is sufficient to ensure the success of her director's enterprise. She married the tenor Bettini, and their union must have been classed among the unhappy marriages but for the birth of Mdlle. Antoinette Trebelli, who gives promise of a soprano voice almost equal to her mother's contralto.

Mme. Scalchi is one of the first contraltos of our time. She accompanied Mme. Patti in her last American tour, and exercised a considerable influence upon the nightly receipts, which were never less than 50,000 francs.

Mme. de la Grange has had her hour of celebrity, having won by her talents the applause of two hemispheres; moreover, she holds a high place as a professor of music.

Mdlle. Parodi, one of the first Divas whom I engaged, preserving all the traditions of Pasta, rose above the average of prima donnas in her interpretation of Norma, Lucrezia Borgia, and Semiramide. She has now quitted the stage.

It would be unjust to omit the names of such artistes as Mdlle. Caroline Duprez, Marie Cabel, and Mdlle. Ugalde, who were each in turn favourites of the Parisian public.

I shall conclude by mentioning Mdlle. Isaac, the present star of the Opera Comique, who cannot be heard without admiration, and who, by her performance in Salvayre's "Egmont," has taken rank among the great singers of the day.

CHAPTER XX.

AMERICAN SINGERS.

IF ever the love of Art should be lost in Europe, it might certainly be found in America, where it makes wonderful progress year by year. This is shown by the reception accorded to the artistes who seek their fortune on the other side of the Atlantic. The Americans amass large fortunes, and it becomes them to make a noble use of their wealth: there are some amongst them who do not hesitate to cover the canvas of a painter with gold, and who enable impresarios to offer the great singers salaries unknown in Europe. Take, for example, Madame Mackay, whose generosity has become proverbial, and who may be relied upon wherever solace or encouragement are needed. She paid 100,000 francs for a picture; and when Mdlle. Nevada, the brilliant pupil of Mme. Marchesi, was married, Mme. Mackay provided all the wedding expenses.

I gladly take this opportunity to offer my sincere tribute of admiration to Mme. Marchesi, the illustrious teacher of singing, whose celebrity is world-wide, and whose pupils understand the true Italian art of vocalization. Among them are such names as Mdlle. Gabrielle

Krauss, Mesdames Gerster, Nevada, de Murska, Stahl, Proska, Sala, Rosa Papier, and Mme. Melba, who gives promise of a great singer; beside many others too numerous to mention. Thanks to Mesdames Mackay and Thurber, and other ladies who have followed their example in encouraging and fostering art, the United States are producing artistes of a calibre hitherto supposed to belong only to Europe. It is a curious fact, however, that America only sends us sopranos and contraltos, no tenors, baritones, or bassos, an anomaly hitherto inexplicable. In the review of these American prima donnas, Mme. Albani holds a foremost place. I have referred to her more particularly in a previous chapter. Mme. Minnie Hauk was one of my pupils; she was not sixteen years of age when she appeared first in Italian Opera in Paris with M. Bagier. She has been a special favourite at Vienna and Berlin. In London she played the rôle of "Carmen" at Her Majesty's Theatre with brilliant *éclat*, and has, indeed, greatly contributed to the exceptional success obtained in England by Bizet's *chef d'œuvre*. In this rôle she displayed unlooked-for talent as a *comédienne*, nearly approaching that of Madame Galli-Marie. She made her *début* in "Traviata," and in its early representations she was so artless and ignorant of the ways of the world, that she asked me what she ought to do with the bank-notes thrown to Violetta by Alfredo in the ballroom scene; she did not know whether she was expected to retain or return them. In a performance of "La Sonnambula," her feigned sleep became a real one, and she had to be awakened.

Mdlle. Van Zandt is a pupil of Lamperti, of Milan; and, if her health should permit, she will probably become a star of the first magnitude, as she possesses all the requisites of a great singer. Madame Adelina Patti has a strong affection for Mdlle. Van Zandt, whom she considers likely to be her successor. The unmerited misfortune which befell her at the Opéra Comique should not be allowed to influence her future career, for the circumstances are generally misunderstood. The insults heaped upon the young artiste were a disgrace to the Parisian public. There are times when spectators at a theatre seem to lose all self-control, and every vestige of the respect due to a woman, whoever she may be. Upon that ill-fated evening Mdlle. Van Zandt was ill and suffering. To prevent failure in her part, she took a dose of homeopathic medicine, which had been prescribed for her habitual use by Dr. Love; but unfortunately she more than doubled the usual quantity, and this, added to the heat and glare of the theatre, brought on a heavy stupor, which lasted long after she left the stage. I saw Mdlle. Van Zandt immediately afterwards, and found her in a complete state of hallucination; she knew nothing of what had passed. For those who know the charming actress the idea of intemperance is simply incredible: when she next appears on the Parisian stage, the public who so inconsiderately humiliated her will make amends by a splendid ovation. Was not Wagner once abominably hissed in Paris, and is not his music now applauded to the echo!

If Mdlle. Van Zandt is the *future* prima donna, Madame Marie Durand is a representative of American art at the present; she is a most amiable woman, and occupies a place in the front rank of operatic sopranos in Paris, London, and St. Petersburg.

I must also mention Mdlle. Louise Clara Kellogg, who sang at Her Majesty's when twenty years of age, and has now returned to the United States. This lady is the richest of American singers.

Mdlle. Emma Jugh is a young and charming artiste who sings in the National Opera Company at New York. This company, which is of recent date, is another proof of American taste for music. It was organized in 1885 by means of a subscription of 250,000 francs : the manager is Mr. Locke, and the musical director Mr. Theodore Thomas, to whom America owes the introduction of classical works. Following the example of Messrs. Pasdeloup, Lamoureux, and Colonne, Mr. Thomas started some popular concerts at moderate prices of admission, which were very successful. Mesdames Nordica, Ella Russell, Griswold, Valleria, Addini, Giulia Valda, Louisa Cary, Donita, and many others, form a constellation of shining American stars. There are besides these many American singers who are only heard in concerts, where they are much appreciated. Among them are Mdlle. Vincent; Madame Sterling, unrivalled as an English ballad singer; Miss Bailey, the delightful soprano, who married Mr. George Henschel, himself a singer, composer, and conductor of acknowledged eminence. We must in justice mention Signor Errani, the distinguished master, who has formed so many brilliant pupils in America.

Mdlle. Emma Thursby, one of my last and best pupils, first attracted my attention in Plymouth Church, at Brooklyn, New York, where the musical part of the service had all the attractions of a sacred concert. The pastor of this church, the celebrated Henry Ward Beecher, had warmly taken up the cause of the Jews, who at that time were undergoing a certain amount of persecution in America : some hotel proprietors refusing to receive them lest other guests should thereby be kept away. Mr. Beecher, by his indignant oratory, put a stop to these persecutions. This popular preacher was very fond of music, and Emma Thursby was the principal vocalist in his church. Her father, a merchant of reputed wealth, died suddenly, leaving his family in very reduced circumstances, and this young girl endeavoured to support herself and help the others by singing. Her voice struck me by its power and purity, and I engaged her at once : she was very successful with me both in America and in Europe ; but I found it impossible to persuade her to appear on the stage, where she would certainly have shone, to judge by her rendering of Mozart's most difficult arias. Her brilliant success in 1883 at the Conservatoire Concerts in Paris is still remembered. To give an idea of the enthusiasm it excited, I will relate an anecdote which at first sounds like a fairy story.

Miss Thursby had given a concert at Prague before a princely audience, who vied with each other in lavishing gifts and honours upon the fair singer. The Prince W—, not content with manifesting his delight in this way, called on her the next day, accompanied by a servant who carried two beautiful nightingales. Being introduced to Miss Thursby, the prince said to her, "Mademoiselle, I know not how to express my admiration for your singing, but I can truly say that no singer has ever given me such pleasure as you have done, and I beg your acceptance of these two nightingales as a souvenir ; they are among my most precious possessions. You can teach them to sing." The value of these birds, who were marked on the breast with a red cross, may be briefly told. At the siege of Jerusalem during the Crusades, a valiant ancestor of Prince W— was taken prisoner by the Saracens. His captivity was long, and he might have died but for two wonderful singing birds who sweetened his solitude and reawakened hope in his despairing soul. At last the prisoners were ransomed, but

the knight could not bear to part with his feathered friends, and obtained permission to take them away with him. From that time the princely family carefully preserved the breed of the red cross nightingales. The legend is that there were never more than two of these birds living at the same time, and, in truth, those given by the prince to Miss Thursby were the only specimens in existence. He might well say he could hardly have offered her anything more precious to him.

CHAPTER XXI.

INSTRUMENTALISTS.

EVERY branch of music has an interest for me, and I have been brought into close relations with illustrious players as well as singers. My intention in saying a few words concerning certain masters of the piano and the violin is not so much to formulate my opinion of their gifts, or to add to their biographies, as to give a few characteristic anecdotes, probably unknown to most of my readers, who had not my opportunities of intimacy with them. The German law which ordains that the windows shall be closed in any room wherein the piano is being played, may seem severe, but is really merciful ; the penalty of fifty marks imposed on the transgressors saves the neighbours from being deafened by the torturing sounds which, under some fingers,—but too many, alas!—are evolved from the instrument by whose means Thalberg, Liszt, Chopin, Herz, Gottschalk, Dohler, Willmers, Rubinstein, Planté, and many other great players utter their souls. If I have mentioned Thalberg before Liszt, it is not as indicating superiority, but because he died before the Abbé whom we mourn to-day. Thalberg was a formidable rival of Liszt ; in England he bore the preference during his lifetime, and the delicacy of his execution has never been equalled, except by Planté, the French pianist. Thalberg was a perfect musician ; he created an unprecedented sensation when playing his fantasie upon "Mosè in Egitto," the most popular of his pieces ; he improvised the air and variations. Thalberg was of an amiable and gentle character ; he was never displeased by Liszt's successes. I asked him one day if he was not a little jealous of his rival's increasing renown.

"Certainly not," he replied ; "but I will show you what I feel by a very humble illustration. Suppose two shoemakers keep shop in the same street, opposite to each other. The first to establish himself there has made a connection ; his customers are satisfied with the boots he turns out, and his trade is not diminished by the arrival of his competitor. Still it would be idle to pretend that he is delighted to see the new shop opened. Such is my position with regard to Liszt ; he does me no harm, but his triumphs do not excite my enthusiasm."

Thalberg also composed some operas. He married the daughter of Lablache, the great basso. In spite of his remarkable talent, the name of Thalberg is almost forgotten, whereas that of Liszt shines brighter than ever ; these reverses in public favour are difficult and useless to fathom.

I first knew Liszt at Vienna. For forty-six years (from 1840 to 1886) his genius has attracted universal attention. He may perhaps be considered the greatest pianist who ever lived. As a composer he was the forerunner of Wagner, who followed in his footsteps. His indifference to money, except as a means for his

inexhaustible charity, will account for the small fortune he left behind him, notwithstanding the immense sums he had gained. I offered him 25,000 francs per night for an American tour, but he declined the engagement. So great was his popularity, that the mere fact of his presence in concert-room or theatre ensured a full house, whether he played or not. A portrait of Liszt has been painted by Munkaczy, the great artist who has already given to the world those immortal works, "Christ before Pilate," and the "Death of Mozart." The name of Munkaczy will always be associated with that of Liszt ; in them the genius of music and of painting is united. The great painter, whose pictures are all bought beforehand by M. Sedelmeyer, adores music almost as much as painting, and possesses extraordinary musical faculty ; he whistles the most difficult airs with wonderful precision. M. Sedelmeyer has in the same way acquired the monopoly of M. Vacslav Brozik's works. This eminent Austrian painter has, by his "Christopher Columbus" and "Martin Hus," acquired a high position in the artist world.

Messieurs Rubinstein and Planté are now at the head of the pianoforte school of music. Rubinstein has the most prodigious musical memory it is possible to imagine, and his talent as a composer is on a par with his virtuosity. He has caused a musical revival in Russia ; and "The Maccabees," "The Demon," and "Nero," are examples which give us some idea of his power, and of the influence exercised by his genius in his own and other countries. Planté, as a performer, perhaps stands next in order to Rubinstein ; but he has two qualities, excellent in themselves, yet acting as hindrances to his career : he is very rich, and he is so happy in his domestic life that it is difficult to induce him to leave his beautiful Chateau Mont de Marsan, where he dispenses a princely hospitality to his friends. He is under a promise, nay, more, an absolute contract with me, for a tour in Europe under the direction of Robert Strakosch ; but he stipulates that he shall never be called upon to leave his home for more than three weeks at a time ; and I therefore doubt whether I shall ever be able to realize my desire.

Next in order I must place Leopold de Mayer, to whom the Emperor Ferdinand of Austria addressed a very ambiguous compliment. The artist had just concluded an admirable performance at a Court concert, when the Emperor approached, and thus offered his congratulations,—

"Monsieur Leopold de Mayer, I have heard Liszt, I have heard Thalberg and Chopin, but I have never seen any one perspire like you."

Hans von Bülow, son-in-law of Liszt, is of an eccentric nature, but also immense talent, and is, moreover, one of the first European conductors.

Theodore Ritter, who died lately at the height of his fame, was a splendid pianist, and is deeply mourned by a large circle of friends.

Eugene d'Albert, Robert Tischoff, the youngest professor in the Imperial Conservatoire of Vienna, De Konski, Dieacer, Letschetsky, and many others, form an almost inexhaustible list.

Mesdames Clara Schumann, Montigny Remoney, Essipoff, Szarvady, Sophie Menter, Theresa Correno, Jenny Viard Louis, and Mademoiselle Clotilde Kleeberg, have specially studied the works of Beethoven, and are the first pianistes of our time.

It is not from forgetfulness that I mention Chopin last, but rather to render a special homage to this poet-musician, whose name can never be forgotten.

(To be continued.)

Transcriptions illustrating "A Synagogue Service."

NO. I.—INTRODUCTION TO MORNING SERVICE.

NO. 2.—INTRODUCTION TO MORNING SERVICE.

Andante Religioso.

Adagio patetico.

Ah Ham - me - lech ! Yo - shev al kis - se
Lo ! The King, who sit - teth up - on a

rom ve - nis - so, Shô - chen - ad mo - rôm ve - ko - dôsh she - mô: ve - cho - suv, Ra - na - nu tsad-di
throne ex - al - ted high ! He dwell - eth aye sub - lime, and ho - ly is His name: as is writ - ten, Ex - tol, ye

kim ba - dô - noi, lai - sho - rim no - vo se - hil - loh, Be - fi ye - sho - rim - - - tis - rô - mam, u - udv.
right-eous, the Lord; to the just be - com - ing is praise. The mouths of up - right saints - - - Thee shall praise, and the

re tsad-di - kim tis - bo - rach, u - vil - shôn cha - si - dim tis - kad - dosh, u - ve - ke - - rev ke - dô - shim tis - hal - lol.
lips of the godly Thee shall bless, and the tongue of Thy pi - ous shall laud Thee, and the mighty host of Thy ho - ly ser - vants sanc - ti - fy Thy name,

dolce

pia animato

Bo - ruch at - toh A - dô - noi, El - - - me - lech go - dôl bat - tish - bo - chôs, El -
Re - ceive our prais-es, O E - tern - al. Al - - - might - y Sov' - reign, all earth - ly bless - ings a - bove; Him a - lone be -

p colla voce

mf pia animato

longs - - - all ha-hô - do - hös - - - Ah - - - A-don han-ni - lo - the Lord of

cres.

Adagio.

ös, hab - bô - cher be - shi - re zim - roh; Me - - - lech, El - - - chai ho - ö - lo - mim.
won - ders, who deign - eth to ac - cept our song; King, Al - - - might - y God, liv - ing ev - er - more.

rall.

*NO. III.—OPENING OF SUPPLICATORY SERVICE.

Andante religioso assai.

All praise be His, all glo - ry
 His through-out the un - i - verse. All praise . . . be His through - out all the un - i -
 - verse, . . . ac - cord - ing to His will. His king . . . dom come, His will be done, in
 your days, may ye all see it, and be glad there - in, and be glad . . . there - in; be
 glad there - in. Prais - ed, ex - tol - led, with hon - our and glo - ry, His name be
 heard; the Lord of all, for all He hath cre - at - ed, the un - i - ver - sal King.

A. Synagogue Service.

BY THE REV. F. L. COHEN.



EVERY ONE must have observed that very many of the best musicians of this century derive their origin from the Jewish race. Not to mention eminent names such as Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, Moscheles, Herz, F. Hiller, Halévy, Schulhoff, F. David, and A. Rubinstein, the number of the Israelites who make music the study of their lives and their daily avocation, such as the players who throng in every orchestra of Europe, greatly exceeds the proportion to the whole which the relative number of the Jews, as compared with that of the remainder of Europeans, would lead one to expect. Although, generally, there is a marked readiness displayed by Jews to devote themselves to art, yet in no art other than music is the excess of its followers over their due proportion so remarkable. To persons acquainted with the inner life of the Jewish community, a satisfactory explanation of this phenomenon readily suggests itself. For from the day when their ancestors crossed the Red Sea, there has constantly reigned in the midst of the Jews a love and a culture of music that already in remote periods attracted the attention of foreign races, and even served in the Middle Ages as yet another excuse for the confiscation of the property of the persecuted Hebrews. And this love and culture of music has especially been displayed in Jewish worship, since, while in ancient times the Temple

of the Hebrew capital was remarkable for its magnificently elaborate musical organization, there is unquestionable evidence that down to our own days the greater portion, if not the whole, of the worship of the Jew and his daily religious, and even literary, exercise has been associated with a particular and distinct vocal rendering. His melodies, too, have been able to survive through all those centuries of agony and terror known as Jewish mediæval history, without transcription in books, because they were engraved deep upon the hearts of the people.

While the daily, the Sabbath, and the Festival services of the synagogue are alike entirely musical, one may receive, perhaps, a more striking impression of Hebrew melody from the services of the most important Holydays. Let my readers, then, imagine themselves transported to the Great Synagogue, Aldgate, on September 6th last, the first day of the seventh Hebrew month, which, as Numbers xxix. 1 tells

us, is the "day of trumpet-sounding." In ancient Jewry the civil year commenced on this day (the religious year commencing in the spring), but at present it is better known as the "day of memorial,"—being regarded, in brief, as the occasion for reviewing one's conduct during the past year, in anticipation of the great Day of Atonement, ten days later. The services of *Rosh Hashanah*, or New Year, as the Festival is generally called, are solemn and protracted, their length affording the opportunity for the employment of an especially rich collection of synagogal song.

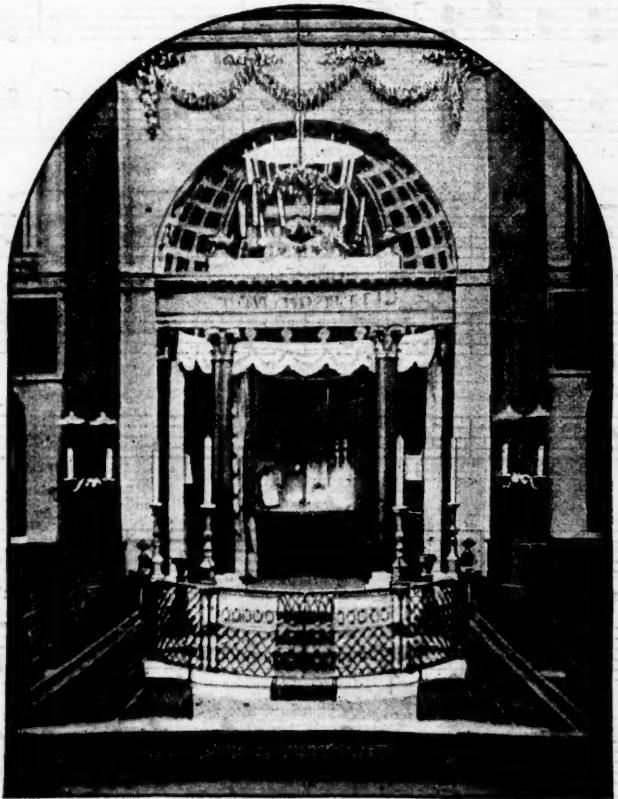
On entering the synagogue many unaccustomed features will at once strike the Gentile visitor. The arrangement of the seats is not that to which he has been accustomed,—the congregation being here divided in halves by a central nave, chiefly occupied by the spacious rostrum of the officiants, in front of which is

singing led by the choir. We observe that the congregation do not kneel to pray, but sit or stand, according to the portion of the service in recitation. The officiants, we notice, are robed in white, black being worn during the rest of the year; and the richly-embroidered stuffs of which the curtains and the mantles which at other times adorn the scrolls of the Law are made, are now replaced by the same colour of innocence, the occasion being, as already explained, a day of penitence. Every man or boy, too, whether officiant or congregant, wears thrown around his shoulders a *Talith*, or narrow shawl of silk or stuff, in colour white, with blue, violet, or black-barred ends, and fringed edges and corners.

But that which most of all strikes the visitor is the circumstance that the long service is wholly delivered in the strange-sounding Hebrew, with the solitary exception that the sermon,

like the prayer for the Royal Family, in many synagogues, is given in the vernacular. We remark with much interest that all the prayers and praises, lessons and religious reflections, are alike recited in quaint and occasionally most complicated recitative and chant.

The *Hazan*, or Precentor, whether bass, baritone, or tenor, is usually distinguished by a rich, strong voice. He sings the service with much dramatic force in his impassioned declamation; and when not concentrating his energies upon the due expression of the thickly-recurring pathetic passages of the prayers, gives the praises, which form the larger part of the service, in a melodious intonation adorned with a skilful, rapid, and intricate embroidery of grace-notes. Although the hearer might occasionally be correct in imagining that the song of the *Hazanim*—continuing unfatigued and constantly varied even for several hours—formed itself upon the inspiration of the religious fervour of the moment, it must not be forgotten that nearly every Precentor has received a long and careful training in vocalization and liturgical music, and that many passages in the sacred



ARK OF THE GREAT SYNAGOGUE, OPENED TO SHOW THE SCROLLS OF THE LAW.

the Wardens' pew, from which the accompanying view of the Ark was taken. The congregation are seated on long benches, facing inwards towards the centre of the synagogue. The visitor will also observe that the sexes are separated, the women being relegated to the galleries of the synagogue, and men alone taking part in the ceremonies; the choir, too, consisting of men and boys alone. This arrangement, of Oriental origin, has its underlying reason in the rabbinical opinion that woman's work as the first teacher of the young is of so sacred and all-important a character that the occasional impossibility of her taking part in *public* worship ought not to involve for her any of the self-reproach which in an earnest mind attends upon every neglect of duty, albeit an inevitable neglect. Thus women are not disqualified, but rather absolved from participation in the synagogal worship; and we notice during the service that they, equally with the men, join in the congregational

recitative have been most carefully and thoughtfully prepared. Not a few *Hazanim* are practised musicians of no mean degree. Thus the Precentor of the synagogue we are visiting, the Rev. Mr. Hast, is a composer of distinguished ability and originality. The atmosphere of the Precentor's home is almost invariably so impregnated with sweet sound, that quite a number of Jewish musicians have been the children or the pupils of *Hazanim*,—such, for instance, among those eminent in this country, as John Braham the singer and Joseph Ascher the pianist.

As we entered the synagogue, the recital of the psalms which inaugurate the service was just concluded, and the Rev. Mr. Gordon, the *Hasan Sheni*, or Assistant-Precentor, had commenced to sing the praise, which forms the first of the musical transcriptions given with this number of the Magazine. It must be here observed, that in the synagogues which adhere to old customs—being all the metropolitan congregations

save one only—no instrumental accompaniment is used at the services on Sabbaths or Festivals. Instruments are occasionally employed on weekdays, the reason of this distinction being, that when the Rabbinical Law was last codified, the instruments then in use were of such comparatively elementary construction as to require frequent re-tuning and setting in order. This falls under the legal definition of "preparing an implement," a species of "work" forbidden on the sacred days. Thus the accompaniment given with our transcriptions of traditional melodies must be taken quite *ad libitum*, only the melodies themselves having been preserved from antiquity. Some of these old chants and tunes have come down to us in varied forms. But this cannot be wondered at, seeing that it is only within the last thirty or forty years that the traditional music of the synagogue (some small portion of which, perhaps, dates back as far as to the Jerusalem Temple) has been at all written down. Even now the Precentors do not sing from music, nor even from the cantillation accents given in printed copies of the Hebrew Scriptures, but entirely from memory. Indeed, we should rather wonder that the tradition has been so well preserved, for there is reliable evidence that some melodies have not materially altered in the lapse of centuries, while the style is undeniably of hoar antiquity. What has been said just before of the accompaniments to our musical examples applies also to the symphonies; which are not arbitrary, however, but themselves traditional passages connected with the selections to which they are attached. The English words given are a paraphrase of the customary Hebrew text. With so much preface (adding only that the vowels of the Hebrew text, and the letter represented by *ch*, are to be pronounced as in German, not as in English), we may return to the passage which is being rendered.

We notice that the *Hasan* occasionally chants a phrase like what is known in Gregorian music as a *pneuma*, or outpouring of the devotional spirit without words, on the simple syllable *ah*. We remark, in addition, an ancient peculiarity in synagogue music which is especially interesting in these days of *Leitmotiv*. It is this: that while certain prayers will occur in every service, the melody to which they are each time sung is associated with the particular occasion only, and consequently its introduction at once serves to call to the memory of the hearer some particular idea or train of thought. Thus the *più animato* of the second part of our first transcription, as well as the opening symphony of it, forms a portion of the famous *Kol Nidre* melody associated with the Day of Atonement; and thus occurring at the beginning of the service, impresses on the worshippers the idea of penitence which runs through it. The closing cadence and the two bars preceding it are similarly charac-

teristic of the season's music, while what we may term their figure is of very frequent occurrence in synagogal recitation.

But meanwhile the service is progressing,—the choir, ably directed by Mr. Henri de Solla, leading the responses in harmony, and the recitative of the Precentor being replaced every now and then by the rich full tone that results from the subdued murmur in which the congregation chant their portion of the service. Soon we hear the exquisite melody which is given in our second musical example,* and we notice that its peculiar *coda* is another of the phrases associated with a special idea, the underlying thought being in this case "the Majesty of the Deity." The service proceeds with a characteristic recitation, founded mainly upon the very ancient phrase in the Phrygian mode which

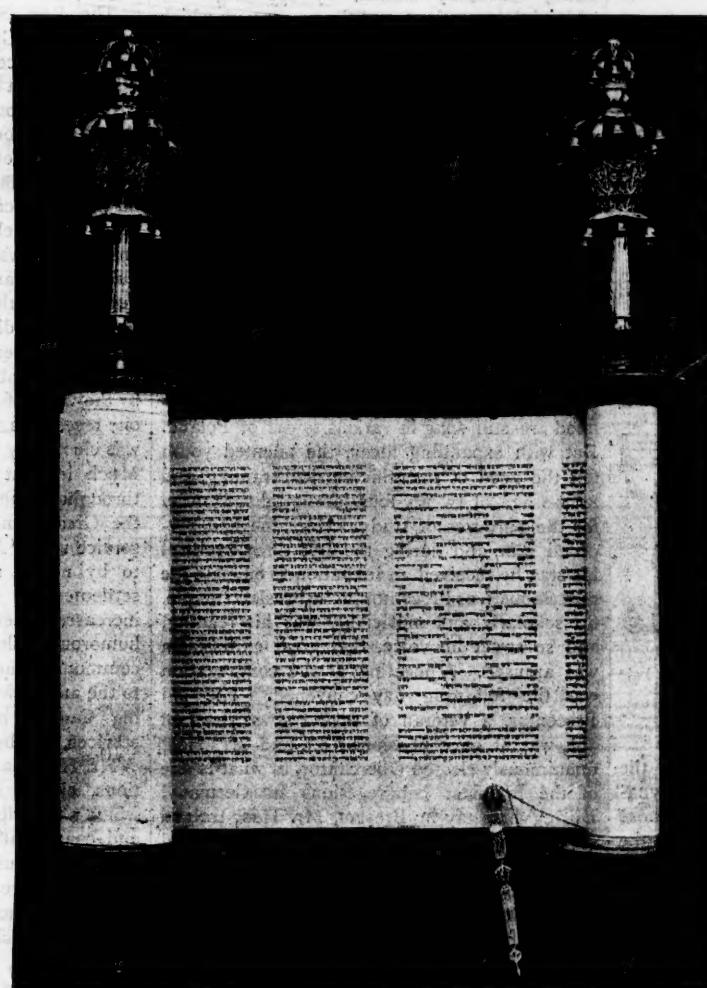
But as space will not permit us to dwell upon every portion of the service, we let it proceed without comment until we reach the point where, in order that the pentateuchal lesson of the day may be read, the scrolls of the Law are solemnly taken out of the Ark, which stands in the richly-adorned apse, approached by the marble steps which rise beyond the gilt screen at the east end of the synagogue. At this part of the service the choir takes a prominent part, the music, although modern, being based upon very ancient traditional phrases, of which the following is the chief:—



The beautiful and characteristic choral pieces which then follow were composed by the late J. L. Mombach, for forty years choirmaster at the Great Synagogue, a most melodious writer, and, by reason of his long occupancy of that important position, practically the moulder of the choral music of the Anglo-Jewish community.

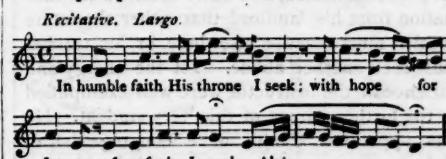
The scrolls of the Law for the two lessons are brought to the *almemmar*, or Precentor's rostrum, and, being divested of their beautifully-worked silver crowns, bells, and breastplates, are in turn unrolled, and a passage read to each of the congregants who are called up to the scroll, originally for the purpose of chanting the section. But this is now done by the Precentor, since every layman has not in these days the skill to chant correctly. Careful preparation of the cantillation is necessary even for the officiant, since each word of the scriptural text must be sung with the phrase signified by the accent placed over its tone-syllable, according to the particular scheme of cantillation in use with the lesson. These accents, although given in printed books, are absent in the scrolls of the Law, which are delicately-executed manuscripts. The accompanying illustration will show how the

text is written in the scrolls (this being the customary form of ancient books) without vowels or punctuation, which in Hebrew are, like the accents, designated by a system of dots and lines. Several antique forms of chant are still preserved, with which biblical lessons are, according to the occasion, recited. The various accents, some thirty in number, form a notation at once easy to read and fulfilling the simpler requirements of elocution. In my "Rise and Development of Synagogue Music" (Anglo-Jewish Exhibition Papers, published by the *Jewish Chronicle*, London), readers who care to pursue the subject may find a discussion of the various modes into which these cantillations and other Hebrew chants fall, with the probable



SCROLL OF THE LAW (WITH SILVER POINTER AND CROWNS OF BELLS) OPEN AT THE
"SONG OF MOSES."

heads this article. A more formal chant follows, and is succeeded by a beautiful and sympathetic theme, which falls in the Dorian mode. We must, however, observe in this leading phrase the melodic improvement resulting from the introduction of an accidental, a species of modification to which Jewish music is very prone. Here is a verse of the Dorian theme, with a paraphrase of the Hebrew words:—



* This example will appear in our November issue.

age of their origin. But as the exigencies of space compel a postponement, till next month, of a description of the more important part of the service, in which occur the other transcribed melodies given with this number, I will here only refer to the very beautiful scheme of cantillation in which the lesson we are having read to us is being chanted. Here are two verses of it, the Hebrew being replaced by English, and the short example ending with the *coda* which marks the close of each separate section of the lesson :—

Recitative, slowly and with great expression.

(To be continued.)

The Rev. Marcus Hast.

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THE life of the Rev. Marcus Hast, the renowned Precentor of the Great Synagogue, London, is not without those romantic experiences which impart to the biography of many an ordinary Hebrew, seemingly sunk in the materialism of every-day business, a refreshing savour of the old-world Orient. Mr. Hast was born in Warsaw in 1840. His parents, whose occupation was that of corn merchants, were not distinguished for any special musical aptitude, although, in addition to the subject of our sketch, their younger son, the Rev. Bernard Hast, has also attained considerable eminence as a *Hasan*, and formerly Reader of the Birmingham congregation, is now Precentor of a leading synagogue in New York. The younger days of the Rev. Marcus Hast were devoted, according to the custom of Polish Jews, to the attainment of an intimate acquaintance with Hebrew, and especially with Talmudic literature, Mr. Hast's linguistic and musical accomplishments being the produce of study of a much later date. But at a very early age the beauty of his voice, and the intelligence and originality with which the little child rendered portions of the Jewish liturgical song, drew marked attention to the promise, since then so admirably fulfilled. So striking was the boy's natural ability, that at the surprisingly early age of eight years he became a regular public reader of the pentateuchal lessons in the synagogue

service. When only ten years old, Mr. Hast knew by heart the whole Pentateuch and the Book of Esther, accurately remembering the intricate and complicated cantillation designated by the accentuation which accompanies the Hebrew text. No less than three thousand worshippers assembled to hear the Law chanted by this mere infant, who, perched on a chair on the officiants' rostrum, although scarcely seen, was yet distinctly heard by the hearts, not less than the ears, of the vast concourse. In accordance with the practice formerly prevalent amongst Polish Jews, Mr. Hast was married at the early age of sixteen. Of his four children, his eldest daughter has inherited alike his beauty of voice and expression in style.

The young Precentor for eight years officiated in one of the most important synagogues of Warsaw, a most favourable impression being constantly created by the originality of his interpretations, and the power with which his reading, even with the unceasing ornamentation and vocal embroidery which distinguishes the style favoured in Eastern Europe, illustrated and emphasised the underlying sentiments embodied in the liturgical text. During the last two centuries the style of Polish *Hasanim* constantly inclined towards excessive vocalisation and incessant *fioratura*, and the text was in many cases only too deeply hidden under the shadow of unending *coloratura*. *Vox et præterea nihil* was their motto. Against this excess the fine inborn musical taste and deep liturgical learning of Mr. Hast soon revolted, and the originality of his style became more striking. Many of the vocal pieces composed by Mr. Hast during these years of boyhood are still sung in various towns of Poland. But with expanding ideas, the talented youth felt the need of scientific musical training, and at the age of twenty-four journeyed to Breslau for the purposes of study. His fame had preceded him, and during the first three weeks of his stay he received an invitation to officiate the next Sabbath as Precentor in the Breslau Temple. So scholarly and musicianly was his reading, and so sweet his voice, that great enthusiasm was aroused. A meeting of the congregation was the following day convened. The old Precentor, a veteran of seventy-two years of age, was at once pensioned off, and Mr. Hast unanimously elected Obercantor, in what is one of the foremost congregations in Germany. During his stay in Breslau, Mr. Hast trained many young Precentors who have since attained eminence, among whom may be mentioned his brother Bernard, Cantors Birnbaum of Koenigsberg, Rosenthal of Berlin, Goldberg, Ziegelroth, Grützhandler of Warsaw, and others. Many were the humorous incidents which occurred at this time in consequence of the circumstance that more than one of Mr. Hast's pupils, even those who have since become distinguished as singers, were then noticeable for the strident quality of their voices, and the remarkable degree in which they endeavoured to compensate for quality by quantity. One of these young men, now a leading Cantor in a German metropolis, then possessed a voice of so excruciating a *timbre* that the approach of his lesson struck terror into the hearts of his master's neighbours. And when at length a slight cold enabled him to wake the echoes with a close imitation of a steam saw sadly in need of lubrication, Mr. Hast received an intimation from his landlord that either the future vocalist must practise elsewhere, or his teacher must seek another abode. Yet the energy and patience of the instructor were well exemplified in the further career of this very student. He was appointed Cantor of a congregation of high standing, on the express condition that he

should further study for six months under so painstaking a singing-master.

The synagogue in Breslau, where Mr. Hast was Precentor, was also the cathedral of the late eminent scholar, G. Tiktin, Chief Rabbi of Silesia. Once he propounded to Mr. Hast this question—"How do you account for it, that when you chant the service not only the synagogue itself, but also the courtyard surrounding it, is crowded to excess. So soon, however, as I begin to preach, the courtyard is empty and the synagogue itself but thinly filled?" To this Mr. Hast delicately replied: "Your office emphasises the sacred text in a mode that must necessarily be sometimes discordant with your hearers' self-satisfaction: my office, however, is fortunate in its ability to enforce the same lessons in a more harmonious manner. Your words must sometimes sound harsh in their ears: mine can happily be always melodious."

The Rev. Simon Ascher, the veteran Precentor of the Great Synagogue, London, retiring in consequence of his advanced age, Mr. Hast, among quite a host of other Precentors, became a candidate for one of the foremost positions in the Jewish world, the cantorship at the Great Synagogue, London. As soon as he was heard at his trial officiation, it was at once felt that all the other candidates were placed far in his rear. At the election in April 1871, the greatest enthusiasm was displayed, and many of the humours of Parliamentary elections were reproduced. On the hats of those present might be observed displayed many a portrait of the favourite Precentor. Of the five selected candidates who went to the poll, which was decided by the votes of heads of families, two withdrew, one received 2 votes, another 14, and Mr. Hast was elected by the triumphant majority of 247. Much interest was displayed in the election throughout the Anglo-Jewish community, and the Great Synagogue was thronged at every service until "*Hasan Hast*" had been listened to by nearly every English Jew. Since his settlement in London, Mr. Hast's fame has increased rather than diminished, as was recently humorously illustrated by a "plebiscite" in a communal journal. He has devoted himself to the amelioration of synagogal song by training Cantors, by inaugurating special musical services, and by composition and transcription.

Mr. Hast has written a number of compositions, chiefly vocal solos or choruses, in all which a knowledge of the resources of the voice, and considerate application of that knowledge, are conspicuously displayed. His refined vocal style is derived from no master, but is self-acquired. Except for a short training under Professor Michael Bergson, of the Geneva Conservatoire, Mr. Hast's musical knowledge is likewise self-acquired. Chief among his published works may be mentioned "*The Divine Service*" (3 vols. of transcriptions and synagogal compositions), 1873; "*Requiem*," 1874; "*Bostanai*," a dramatic sacred cantata; "*Azariah*," an oratorio very successfully performed in Glasgow, 1883; and an orchestral cantata, given at the Great Synagogue Jubilee Service last year. Mr. Hast is at present working at an oratorio on the heroic scale, entitled "*The Death of Moses*." In addition to these may be mentioned many unpublished services for choral weddings and for dedication services at the opening of synagogues. In fact, Mr. Hast has been invited to officiate at the opening of most of the newer synagogues in this country.

This eminent liturgist and *Hasan* is now in his prime, and the host of admirers whom his powers have gained and his geniality retained, hope that his melodious voice may for many years to come lead the worship at the old "Duke's Place" Synagogue.

Continued from page 235.]

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No. IV.—Hymn of Faith—will be found on page 56 of this month's Supplement.

The Culture of Music at Cambridge University.



TRINITY COLLEGE CHAPEL, LOOKING WEST, WITH A GLIMPSE OF ROUBILIAC'S STATUE OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

MANY are the musical instruments, many the degrees of musical ability (or inability) to be found among the various colleges of Cambridge. Violin, 'cello, and flute; piano and American organ; zither, guitar, and banjo; even the penny whistle, the bones, and the comb (admirably adapted for accompaniment in variety entertainment), all have their votaries, and may be heard with a greater or less degree of pleasure by the voluntary or involuntary audience. A chance visitor to Cambridge at "coming up" or "going down" time, witnessing the arrival or departure of a seething mass of undergraduate humanity, might conclude that the banjo was *par excellence* the musical instrument of the place. Through its various coverings of wood or calico, the familiar form of the instrument once dedicated to nigger minstrels is discernible—a conspicuous item in the multifarious belongings of every third or fourth man. Again, if you glance at the windows of the musicsellers in the town, or the advertisement columns of that sage oracle, the *Cambridge Review*, you learn that banjos, banjo strings, banjo music, and instruction in the latest style of banjo-playing, is to be had within, or from the advertiser. You not unnaturally expect to hear as well as see signs of this ubiquitous five-stringed instrument. But your expectations will be vain. You may cross the soft sward of any college ground at any lawful hour, you may wander by the river-side—that is, if you are brave enough to risk diphtheria or typhoid fever from that unpleasant drain they style the Cam—but you will hear no twang of banjo, only the occasional jingle of a piano, generally vilely played. Your only chance of hearing a banjo at Cambridge is at a nigger entertainment or a Saturday "Pop" given by one of the colleges, or to get belated in the Cambridge streets. Like the nightingale, the Cambridge banjoist prefers the midnight hour—"the witching hour of night"—for his performances, not always to the edification of his neighbours. In one col-

lege, indeed, the fever for midnight banjo serenading ran so high that the Master had to call attention to the rule that no musical instruments should be played after a certain hour. Still the banjoists continued to make night musical. The result was a second request, to the effect that the Master (who loves a joke) fully appreciated the scruples of the banjoists to class their instruments under the category of musical; but henceforth no musical instruments or banjos should be played after the hour stated.

Another instrument much beloved of coaching undergraduates is the horn. The patient practice required for proficiency in this form of music (!) is doubtless cheerfully borne by the practiser, who, in imagination, pictures himself during May Race Week seated in the seat of honour on a lofty four-in-hand, the cynosure of all eyes, as he blows a lusty and sustained blast. But by others less interested, the industry of the would-be proficient is unappreciated, and may cause long-suffering students to consign him to even warmer regions than those of Cambridge in May week, when open windows are inevitable. Less obnoxious, if more novel, was the musical performance of an undergraduate who, having dined if not wisely yet too well, was found at eventide in the unsavoury Cam entertaining himself and the bystanders by beating out a solo on his tin bath turned bottom uppermost in the river. Suddenly a voice breaks in on this impromptu concert. "Mr. Smith, I shall be happy to see you after chapel to-morrow, and bring your musical instrument with you." It was the Dean, and on the morrow Smith might have been seen crossing to the Dean's rooms, carrying his "musical instrument" with him.

As may be judged from the above, the result, if not always the aim of ordinary undergraduate musical performances, is productive of more amusement to himself than to others. It is marvellous that among so many men there should be so little musical talent at all above the average. So much is this the case, that a really good violinist or pianist finds himself in the greatest request at the various college concerts, and is in danger of finding his musical ability a drag on his work, or out-door recreation, from the large amount of time required for practice.

If he be reading for honours, practice is difficult; if he be not, it is almost more difficult still, for among the conflicting claims of boating, cricket, tennis, football, Lacrosse, hunting, debating and literary societies, and other expedients for enabling an undergraduate to get through his time and money at college with the utmost possible speed, music has but little chance of being sufficiently cultivated to confer pleasure on any besides the performer. Still a few at the men's colleges, and (as may be expected from the larger place of music in women's education) a goodly number at the women's halls, Girton and Newnham, come up to Cambridge with considerable previous musical training, and do not lack opportunities of turning it to account, if only they can find the time and self-denial necessary for practice. For if not actively musical, Cambridge is pre-eminently appreciative of music, as may be gathered from the large attendance both at the concerts of townspeople and University men. Most of the

students appreciate music, provided it be good and opportune—that is, not in work hours. Charles Darwin, though he declares he could not distinguish the tune "God save the Queen" played slowly, yet liked to listen to music when he was an undergraduate at Cambridge; and in his memoirs tells how he used to bribe the choir boys of King's with sixpences to come and sing to him in his rooms. Doubtless there are still at Cambridge many Charles Darwins in the matter of not knowing one note from another (one wonders if they sometimes get admitted to the chapel choirs of the smaller colleges?). Three of the chapels are noted for their musical services; the others, we are told by a member of the choir of one, are more or less beneath contempt. These three exceptions are King's, Trinity, and St. John's—perhaps the three wealthiest as they are the most noted colleges in the University. It is doubtless its connection with the services of those three famous college chapels, that has led to the recognition of music as an academic study and the establishment of a Professorship of Music at Cambridge. The Professorship was founded by a Grace in 1684. The Professorship of Music has no special endowment, and is not governed by a Special Statute, but, by a recommendation of the present council, a stipend of £200 per annum has been assigned to him, along with the duty of giving a course of not less than four lectures in music annually in the University, the cost of illustrating these lectures being defrayed from the University chest. For any extra course of lectures the Professor is entitled to charge a fee. The Professor of Music also conducts examinations for musical degrees. Among its recent Professors of Music, Cambridge has numbered Sterndale Bennett and Sir George Macfarren. On the death of the latter a few months ago, the professorship passed to Dr. Stanford, well known to our musical world in general as the composer of "The Canterbury Pilgrims," and to Cambridge circles for his successful efforts in connection with the Greek plays; and also as conductor of the University Musical Society and organist of Trinity. During the Easter term just ended, Dr. Stanford gave a course of lectures on the string quartette, with musical illustrations. Though perhaps less successful as a lecturer than as a conductor or composer, Dr. Stanford continued to make his lectures sufficiently interesting to attract a fairly large class. The musical illustrations were a special feature of these lectures.

From time to time examinations are held at Cambridge for the degrees of Bachelor and Doctor of Music, and lectures are given in harmony and counterpoint by a lecturer appointed by the Special Board for Music, with a stipend of £100 a year. Few, however, except those who come up with musical scholarships, work for a musical degree at Cambridge, and even these seldom read for music exclusively, but take an ordinary, in some rare cases an honours degree in one of the usual academic subjects, such as classics or mathematics. Some colleges, notably King's, entice musical ability from the chief boys' schools in the kingdom, by offering choral scholarships. Boys thus elected, have free board and a capital general education at Cambridge; and are generally able to pass into the University. King's College seems to secure the pick of fine voices from our large schools for the musical services in its famous chapel. The choristers are lodged in a fine house just outside the college gates, under the care of a master and tutors. They are a noticeable feature in the landscape, playing cricket in the summer time, or on a winter Sunday, in their black gowns

and tall hats, picking their way like large crows over the snowy path towards the chapel. Their chubby English faces look happy enough, but doubtless a chorister's life is not all roses even at Cambridge, for the daily practice and service must become monotonous and irksome to the most musical boy, and, moreover, there is always the prospect of an early break in his voice, spoiling a chorister's career. The enforced absence from home for the Christmas services, when others are "gone down" for holidays, must also be a bitter pill for a King's College chorister to swallow, however much "Christmas treating" he may have by way of compensation. At the daily five o'clock services in King's Chapel the beautiful chants and anthems are often sung to almost empty benches, with only a sprinkling of Newnham students, townspeople, and visitors to the town. The wonderful building, with its beauties of vaulted ceiling, stained glass, and old carved oak, and its fair surroundings of waving trees, soft greensward, and slow-flowing river, make up a whole too often described to require much mention here. Some idea of the chapel and ante-chapel may be obtained from the accompanying illustrations; but to get the real effect one must see the building dimly lit by the candles in the stalls, which throw flickering shadows on ceiling, windows, and altar, or in summer time, with a wealth of sunlight pouring through the "ancient windows richly dight," and painting the tessellated floor in a glow of variegated colour. One must hear, too, the swelling notes of the grand organ and the wondrous voices of the boy and men singers, giving the completing touch of life and harmony to the beautiful picture. Surely it was one of those services that suggested Milton's lines in *Il Penseroso*, beginning —

"But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloisters pale."

The daily afternoon and Sunday services at King's are free to all visitors, except on a few great occasions, when the chapel seats are reserved. At Trinity and John's chapels the services are intended more exclusively for the undergraduates, who, *nolens volens*, must keep a certain number of morning and evening "chapels." In the morning they muster like men going to be hanged, shivering and half-clad, having slumbered to the last tinkle of the seven o'clock bell, the deficiencies of their toilette covered by the convenient surplice. In the evening, although now awake and enlivened by the evening's convivialities, there is the same sense of assembling under compulsion, the same anxiety to bribe the markers, who, with lists of names, walk up and down the chapel during part of the service, running a pin through the names of those present. On Sunday, during the morning service at Trinity, and the evening service at John's, the ante-chapel is generally open to visitors. The music at both chapels is fine, the organ at Trinity, under Dr. Stanford's skilful treatment, adding greatly to the interest of the service. Dr. Garrett, the organist of John's, is scarcely less celebrated, though he has not quite so fine an instrument to deal with. During May week large numbers of visitors throng to the services in these three chapels, among the finest buildings of their kind in England. During the recent term lovers of organ music had the special privilege of hearing the grand organ at Trinity at weekly recitals given by Dr. Stanford, Dr. Garrett, and others. In the May week a festival service was held in King's chapel, when the oratorio "Saul" was performed by a large choir, under the leadership of Dr. Mann, the organist of King's College.

The chief musical events in the Cambridge year are the concerts given by the Cambridge University Musical Society, commonly known as the C. U. M. S. The Society was founded at Peterhouse, one of the oldest colleges in the University, in the year 1843. In 1875 the Fitzwilliam Musical Society was amalgamated with that of the University, and held its concerts in Sydney Sussex College from the year 1858. At present the Society has a large membership. Townspeople and lady students of

Newnham and Girton are admitted as associates, singing at the concerts, and sharing in the privileges of the Society. During term time weekly choral practices are held, usually on Thursday afternoon, and orchestral practices on Tuesday morning. In the May term the Society gives two grand concerts, one orchestral, the other chiefly choral. This year the works performed at the latter were Sullivan's "Golden Legend," which was conducted by the composer, and Hubert Parry's choral ode, "Blest Pair of Sirens." Last year works of Cowen, Parry, and Mackenzie were given, the composers being present and conducting their own works. During the Michaelmas and Lent terms the Society gives short Wednesday evening popular concerts on the same lines as the St. James's Hall Monday and Saturday "Pops." The programmes are on such occasions mainly classical, consisting of a quartette or quintette for strings, or other concerted works, with as lighter elements piano-forte, violin, or vocal solos. Among the last, special mention may be made of Dr. Stanford's dramatic settings of verses of Browning, George Eliot, Tennyson, etc. The performers are the pick of the Society's talent, or students from the Royal College of Music, London. The concerts are held in the Guildhall, and the bulk of the audience is usually academic,—undergraduates, women students, and college dons and their families.

Besides contributing members to the Cambridge University Musical Society, each of the colleges has a separate musical society, and gives concerts during the year to which admission is generally by invitation. Occasional Penny Popular Concerts are given in the Guildhall on Saturday evenings by some of these college musical societies. At these the music is popular in a sense lower than that of St. James's Hall, the object being to cultivate the taste of less educated audiences. Smoking concerts, of a much more sober and less popular nature, at which we are assured comic songs are never sung nor banjos played, are given in the various colleges. The programmes of such concerts are arranged according to a kind of tradition, the same part songs and solos recurring at brief intervals. "Maid of Athens," "The Three Chasers," and the Latin Students' Song are stock favourites. Sometimes a special song is introduced because it forms the entire répertoire of a man whose ugliness always creates a laugh, and who all unconscious yields to the flattery of constant request to repeat his performance. The performers, like the programmes, vary but little, owing to the lack of genuine musical ability. Thus a Selwyn man who fiddles or sings well will turn up at the concerts of nearly every college in the University. May week is *par excellence* the time for college concerts, when the sisters, cousins, and aunts of undergraduates flock to Cambridge for the boat races and balls, and the whole place is *en fête*. Whatever the degree of excellence of the performances on such occasions, they have an interest apart from that as music to both visitors and undergraduates. All the surroundings have an interest of their own. A college concert is usually held in the college dining-hall, specially arranged and adorned with flowers for the occasion. The oak ceilings and panelling, the quaint windows, and old portraits make an effective setting for the bright faces and pretty dresses of the younger lady visitors, the proud matrons of sons who have just taken their degree (or been "ploughed" in making the brave attempt to take it), and the men in evening dress who fill the gallery and crowd round the doors and platform. Perhaps the pleasantest time is the interval between the two parts of the programme, when people stroll out into the fine old college gardens, generally transformed into a scene of still greater beauty by the aid of Chinese lanterns and fairy lights. Ices and coffee are served under the trees, and quarter of an hour spent: these give an added delight to a college concert, for nowhere in England are the trees finer, the flowers more fragrant, or the birds more melodious than in these college gardens. Often, too, the music at such concerts is in itself a real treat. The programme usually consists chiefly of vocal solos, with a few part songs and piano-forte or violin solos. One of the chief merits of such concerts is their

brevity, though they are often lengthened by encores freely demanded and readily enough granted.

Besides these academic concerts, there are others given generally during the winter by professional musicians from London. Sometimes, too, a distinguished musical "swell" like Joachim or Von Bülow gives his services at the Cambridge University Musical Society concerts. To the latter Cambridge has shown its gratitude by presenting a more substantial honour than Oxford's honorary degree—a piece of plate subscribed for by the members of the University Musical Society.

In connection with music at Cambridge, special mention must be made of the musical illustrations of the Greek plays. On two occasions the music has been not only conducted but composed by Dr. Stanford, namely, that of the "Birds" and "Edipus Tyrannus." At last year's performance of "Edipus Tyrannus," by no means the least impressive element was the graphic music of the orchestra and chorus written by Dr. Stanford, and ably rendered by a special orchestra and admirably trained chorus. If for no other reason than these almost unique musical performances, Cambridge is entitled to a place of considerable importance in the English musical world.

A. L. S.

Hereford Festival of the Three Choirs.

THE Festival has enjoyed the great advantage of really fine weather, settled and golden, for the first time in this happily exceptional summer. The works performed, either altogether or in part, were Handel's "Samson," Sterndale Bennett's "Woman of Samaria," Haydn's "Creation," Spohr's "God is Great," Schubert's "Song of Miriam," Cherubini's Mass in D minor, Cowen's "Song of Thanksgiving," composed for the Melbourne Exhibition, Dr. Hubert Parry's setting of Milton's lines, "Blest pair of Sirens," etc., Sir F. Ouseley's "Martyrdom of Polycarp," and the "Messiah." There were also two miscellaneous concerts. The attendance differed very slightly from former occasions, but the contributions exceeded the average amount by £23; and the Festival may therefore be considered a success.

Upon the whole, the most enjoyable performance was that of the "Woman of Samaria," which is but too seldom heard. It is equally delightful to performers and listeners; the music is lovely, and perfectly wedded to the words; the slight thread of story is full of deep suggestion and reflective fitness. There is a poetic grace in the constant up-springing of water, fertilizing wells and flowing streams; and the sincerity of devotional feeling is beyond question. All this was worthily rendered on the first day, and offered a pleasing contrast, by its gem-like finish, to the somewhat scrappy and mutilated selection from "Samson" which preceded it. Of course the solos were excellently given. With such artists as Mme. Albani, Miss A. Williams, and Miss Enriquez, Messrs. Lloyd, Santley, and Brereton, it could not be otherwise; but there was an occasional uncertainty about omissions, and the general impression was anything but successful.

Cherubini's Mass in D minor is the longest mass in existence, not excepting Beethoven's in D major. The music is of a deeply religious nature, and evidently made a profound impression: it has been accused of a theatric flavour, but this is not our opinion; it is the heart's utterance of prayer and praise and fervent faith. Mr. Cowen's ode is short, and confined to three choral numbers. It was well performed both by chorus and orchestra. The miscellaneous concerts were held in the Shire Hall.

Birmingham Musical Festival.

Of late years one has come to regard the production of some important foreign novelty at a Birmingham or Leeds Festival as indispensable. It is right and praiseworthy to encourage native art, but it is good to see what other nations can produce. We are glad to hear that there is some talk of an American work at the next Birmingham Festival. The success of Dvorák's "Spectre's Bride" three years ago naturally led the committee to commission him to write something for this year. It appears that he first accepted, but afterwards withdrew from his promise. It is not for us now to discuss the motives which led to this change, but merely, in the interests of art, to regret that such should have been the case.

After the usual band rehearsals at St. George's Hall, London, and the two days' full rehearsals at Birmingham, on the 25th and 27th of August, during which Dr. Richter showed himself a general likely to lead his forces to victory, the Festival opened on Tuesday morning with Mendelssohn's "Elijah." The weather was gloomy in the extreme, yet the Town Hall was well filled. Some day this oratorio may cease to draw, but that time has not yet come. Of such a familiar work, it is unnecessary to speak in much detail. The principal vocalists were Madame Albani, Miss Anna Williams, Mesdames Patey and Trebelli, and Messrs. Lloyd and Santley. Miss A. Williams sang in the first part, and with power and intelligence. Madame Albani gave a fine rendering of "Hear ye, Israel," and Madame Patey sang the "O, rest in the Lord" in her very best manner. Messrs. Lloyd and Santley were in excellent voice. The concerted music, including the double quartet, "For he shall give his angels charge," went very smoothly. The orchestra played magnificently.

In the evening the finest sacred work of modern times, Dvorák's "Stabat Mater," was given. The composer, in conducting this work, takes all sorts of liberty with the time. Dr. Richter was more regular, yet his reading was a most impressive one. The *soli* were beautifully sung by Mesdames Albani and Trebelli, and Messrs. Piercy and Brereton. The choir sang splendidly. Mr. C. W. Perkins, who officiates as organist for the first time at these Festivals, played in an able and discreet manner, as he had already done in the "Elijah" in the morning.

The second part of the concert commenced with the "Jupiter" symphony, a triumph both for band and conductor. Madame Albani sang an effective and well-scored *scena*, which Mr. Goring Thomas added to "Esmeralda" for a performance on the Italian stage—which, however, never came off. Liszt's third Hungarian Rhapsody, a song from "Magic Flute," and the overture to "Oberon," completed the programme.

On Wednesday morning Dr. Hubert Parry's new oratorio, "Judith, or the Regeneration of Manasseh," was produced under the direction of Dr. Richter. The composer's "Prometheus Unbound" was written for Gloucester in 1880, a Choral Ode for the same city in 1883, while for the last Birmingham Festival he wrote a symphony. This new work is decidedly his most ambitious effort, and he will no doubt be pleased to find that his music has met with

general approval. The first difficulty a composer meets with in writing an oratorio is the choice of subject. Dr. Parry's attention was drawn for some time to King Manasseh, and the short yet graphic description of that monarch's reign as given in the Bible seemed to offer promising materials for a book. A study of Dean Prideaux's *Connection of the Old and New Testaments*, helped him to introduce into his story the exploit of Judith; for the Dean, "with some show of learning," as Dr. Parry puts it in the short preface to his oratorio, maintained that the Jewish widow slew the Assyrian chief Holofernes during the reign of Manasseh.

The argument is as follows:—

In the opening scene of the first act (Handel called the parts of some of his oratorios "acts") Manasseh and the Jews are worshipping Moloch, for Israel had turned away from Jehovah and bowed the knee to false gods. The High Priest demands a royal sacrifice, and the king allows the priests to go to the palace, and bring away his children "to pass through the fire." When the priests arrive there, Meshullemeth, the king's wife, is telling them of God's mercy to His people. Judith is represented as trying to plead for the children as they are about to be cast into the flames,—she, indeed, is threatened herself with death, but replies that the hosts of Assur are advancing upon Jerusalem. The city is laid waste, and Manasseh carried off to Babylon. In an *Intermezzo* the king sings of his repentance, and Act ii. opens with his return to the holy city. New troubles now arise; Holofernes, the Assyrian chieftain, appears before the gates, and demands submission within three days. Then takes place the exploit of Judith, after which the Jewish Joan of Arc, the king, and all the people sing in jubilant strains before Jehovah. This very brief summary of an excellent book, prepared by the composer himself, must suffice.

And now, let us turn to the music.

A bold orchestral introduction leads without break into the first act. Passing allusion is made to some of the themes in the work, prominent among which is the one from Judith's song of triumph, but Dr. Parry has not copied Wagner's form of *Vorspiel*. In the opening choral number, a gloomy but characteristic theme is heard in the orchestra, to which, for the sake of reference, the name of Moloch may be given. At first the chorus sing in octave and unison, but afterwards in part harmony. The music describes well the situation. Those loud chords with bare fifths, with which the first chorus ends, have a weird and heathenish sound. The short recitative passages and the fragments of chorus in which the sacrifice of the king's children is concerned, are essentially dramatic. When the people call out, "It is the god's decree," the music becomes more formal and scholastic, but is nevertheless very effective.

Scene 2 forms a striking contrast. A quiet soothing prelude for orchestra (strings and wood-wind) brings us to the dialogue between Queen Meshullemeth and her two children. She speaks of the profanation of God's altars, and the "Moloch" motive is here appropriately introduced, and again, a little later on, when reference is made to God's anger. The use of representative themes is usually mentioned as a Wagnerian device, and composers who employ them are often described as imitators of the Bayreuth master. But it was no invention of Wagner's; it was in use before his time. It is only those who try and imitate his intricate weaving together and metamorphoses of themes who deserve to be so called.

Meshullemeth's simple ballad, "Long since in Egypt's plenteous land," has an ear-catching melody which will win for it popularity; and it can be sung as a concert piece without in any way suffering by being taken from its surroundings. The term "ballad" certainly suggests secular and indeed sentimental words, but technically it is a perfectly correct one.

The priests now arrive to claim their victims. The short syncopated phrases for the basses well express the troubled scene. The heroine, Judith, now enters to offer consolation. Her solo is at first quiet and flowing in character, but the music becomes bolder when she makes mention of "the Holy One, thy Saviour." This, again, is a movement which could be detached from the oratorio.

Scene 3 is entitled "The Sacrifice." The melodious strains of the people as they sing,
 "Crown we the stainless victims
 With flowers and garlands meet,"
 contrast well with the gloomy utterances of the priests' cry—

"Moloch, Moloch, give ear!"

The music now becomes more and more agitated, until Judith enters to try and stay the sacrifice. She has an elaborate *scena*, containing some fine declamatory passages. The chorus in which the worshippers shout "Cast her in the furnace" is full of vigour. But the messenger announces the sudden coming of the Assyrians, and then, during a long and important finale, the composer describes in a powerful and graphic manner the dire scene. First a short and characteristic march is heard in the orchestra. Then the priests chant a gloomy dirge to their Moloch. Here the music slightly recalls a part of one of the Baal choruses in "Elijah." The coming on of the enemy is energetically portrayed, and the last vain cry to Moloch for help is feelingly expressed. This first act is finely conceived and finely carried out: Dr. Parry has shown his full strength.

The *Intermezzo*, a tenor solo, is a neatly constructed movement in the style of Bach. Act ii. opens with an effective chorus. The music is not particularly original, but it has a melancholy yet pleasing flow, and is grateful to the singers. We now come to several movements—Contralto (*Mesullemeth*); a fugal chorus, "Our king is come again"; a trio, "The Message of Holofernes"; a Judith solo, and another chorus—in all of which the composer shows skill and taste, but in which there is no special display of individuality. After the exciting music of the first act, they do not make sufficient impression; at least so it seems, at a first hearing of the work.

Scene 3, "The Exploit of Judith," is, on the contrary, a remarkably interesting number. It commences with a quiet and tuneful orchestral prelude. Then the watchmen on the walls are heard inquiring in soft tones, "Doth any stir?" "Doth any cry?" and the orchestra well depicts their measured tread. After a short and graceful solo for Manasseh, the watchmen resume their questions, "Is any flash of arms?" "Is any form of man?" the accompaniment becomes more animated; and so it goes on until Judith arrives with the head of Holofernes, and all sing, "Arise, O Israel," a fine vigorous piece of writing. The tenor solo, "God breaketh the battle," is a direct imitation of Handel. The finale opens with a stirring solo for Judith, followed by some clever, scholastic choral writing.

Dr. Richter had evidently taken great pains with the production of the work; the performance was extremely good. The soloists were—Miss Anna Williams (Judith), Madame Patey (Mesullemeth), Mr. Lloyd (Manasseh), and Mr. Santley (at one time High Priest, at another

a Messenger); they all did full justice to their parts. Dr. Parry was called to the platform after the first act and again at the close, when he was greeted with enthusiasm.

"The Golden Legend," of course, filled the Town Hall on Wednesday evening. Besides the power and charm of the music itself, the letter of Sir A. Sullivan to the Festival Committee, and the reply of the chairman, Mr. Milward, had drawn the attention of the public to the performance. Into the grievances of the composer, and the conduct of the committee, we do not propose to enter now: the whole matter has been amply discussed in various papers.

With regard to the rendering of the work, it may be described as good; nothing, indeed, undertaken by Dr. Richter could be otherwise. But it lacked the finish and *entrain* to which one is accustomed. Dr. Richter, conducting it for the first time, was, naturally, to some extent feeling his way. Madame Albani and Mr. Lloyd sustained their original *rôles*. Madame Trebelli was the Ursula, and Signor Foli the Lucifer.

Herr Grieg conducted his characteristic overture, "In Autumn" (Op. 11), in the second part of the concert.

The Messiah was given on Thursday morning with the following quartet:—Mesdames Albani and Patey, and Messrs. Piercy and Foli. The organ proved an unruly member, "ciphers" in an annoying manner towards the end of the "Hallelujah." There was a large audience, including the Duke of Norfolk, Cardinal Newman, and Mr. J. Chamberlain.

Dr. Bridge's dramatic cantata, "Callirhoe," was produced under the composer's direction at the evening concert. The argument has already been given in our September number. The pretty opening chorus, with its smoothly written parts and light accompaniment, puts the hearer into a pleasant state of mind. In the next number the "Callirhoe" motive first heard from the plaintive *Cor Anglais*, and afterwards taken up by strings, strikes the key-note of the cantata.

Two short solos for Coresus are tuneful and simple in character. The duet in G minor 6-8 time is bright, and scored in a pleasing manner. Some good scoring again adds effect to the stately "Prayer to Dionysos." The "Plague" chorus—if we may so term it—told well; the orchestra gave to it life and colour. The composer has succeeded in obtaining contrast, and the movement is gradually worked up to a high pitch of passion.

The scene in the sacred grove of Dodona shows a good deal of character; the rushing wind, the sounding of the sacred vessels (the gong effect is decidedly good), the mournful plaints of the messengers, the declaration of the Oracle—everything is well combined and suitably coloured.

Part 3 opens with a nice bit of recitative, but the solo which follows, "The sun stands high," in spite of its melodiousness, does not strike us much. The Processional March is simple and dignified, and brilliantly scored. The scene before the altar begins with some restless music, and when the chorus mixes with the strains of the death-devoted maiden and the passionate lover, the listener feels that the composer has caught the true spirit of the situation. The last utterances of Callirhoe before she joins her lover in death are set to music which is quite

dramatic. In the chorus, "Rejoice, ye men of Calydon," the composer gives us a bright ending, but the music sounds somewhat common after all that has gone before. So good a cantata deserves a better ending.

Dr. Bridge was indeed lucky in having Madame Albani (Callirhoe), Madame Trebelli (Chief Priestess), and Mr. Lloyd (Coresus), to interpret his work. The chorus sang brilliantly. The frantic applause at the close proved that the composer had thoroughly pleased his audience.

The second part of the programme commenced with Schumann's pianoforte concerto in A minor, played by Miss Fanny Davies with faultless technique and with much poetry and feeling. She is a native of Birmingham, and the enthusiastic applause proved that a pianist is not always without honour in her own city. It is sixteen years, or perhaps more, since the pianoforte was played at a Birmingham festival.

Madame Albani sang the "Softly sighs" of Weber with immense power. Herr Grieg conducted his interesting suite for strings, "Ans Holbergs Zeit," which was well received. The Preislied, from "Die Meistersinger," sung by Mr. Lloyd, the introduction to the third act of that work, and the Academische Fest Overture of Brahms, were well appreciated by the

The French composer was commissioned in 1836 to write a Requiem for the ceremony held in memory of the victims of the Revolution of 1830. But, at the last moment, the French Government changed its mind, and resolved to have no music. So the Requiem had to be put on the shelf. However, in the following year, Gen. Damrémont and many brave officers and soldiers perished before the walls of Constantine, and a funeral service was held at the Invalides to their memory. On this occasion Berlioz' Requiem was performed under the direction of Habeneck. It was revived by M. Colonne at Paris in 1878, and by Mr. A. Manns at the Crystal Palace in 1883. "If I were threatened with the destruction of the whole of my works save one," once said the composer, "I would crave mercy for the 'Messe des Morts.'"

This is not the moment to analyse a work of vast proportions, but we may remind our readers of the famous "Dies Irae," in which Berlioz has given a vivid and daring picture of the Last Judgment. This was the movement which Habeneck nearly ruined by putting down his *bâton*, and taking out his snuff-box just at the moment of entry of the flourish of trumpets—at least so says Berlioz in his *Mémoires*; and he adds, "God forgive me if I am doing the man injustice." The composer snatched up the *bâton*, and conducted the piece to the end. In it there are four small orchestras of brass instruments to represent the summons to judgment, and besides sixteen kettledrums, played by ten drummers. The effect of this movement is very striking. The "Lachrymosa" is another extraordinary number: the concluding portion is quite terrible. The "Hostias" may be noted for its curious trombone-notes, called pedal-notes, and which were declared impossible by the players when the work was first rehearsed at Paris.

Dr. Richter had evidently taken a deal of trouble with this formidable mass. For the "Dies Irae" he had placed two of the small orchestras right at the back of the orchestra, one each side of the organ: the third and fourth were at the platform ends of the side galleries. And thus a very realistic impression was given of the final summons to judgment. Taking into consideration the enormous difficulties which such a work presents, we can speak well of the performance, both as regards band and choir. The solo in the "Sanctus" was admirably rendered by Mr. E. Lloyd.

On Friday evening Handel's "Saul" brought the Festival to a conclusion. Of the vocalists, three, Miss Ambler, Mr. Piercy, and Mr. Banks, are natives of Birmingham; they all sang well, particularly Mr. Piercy. Of the other singers a record of names must suffice: they were Miss A. Williams, Madame Patey, and Messrs. Santley, Foli, and Brereton.

At the close of the concert Dr. Richter was received with immense applause. He has done his work thoroughly well, and very much of the artistic success of the Festival is due to him. The enthusiastic manner in which his valuable services were acknowledged by band, choir, and public, must have been most gratifying to him.

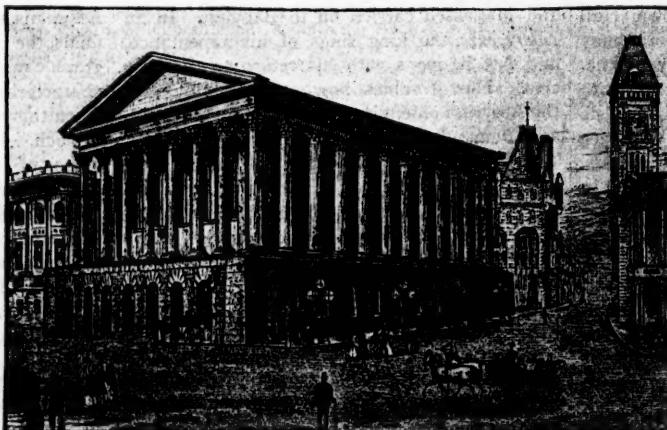
A word of special praise, also, is due to Mr. Stockley, the chorus master; how admirably he had trained the choir was made evident during the week, and especially in the "Elijah," the Dvorák "Stabat Mater," and the two novelties.

audience, in spite of the length of the concert, which did not end till half-past eleven.

On Friday morning the programme commenced with Bach's great Magnificat in D, which the composer intended for a Christmas festival service. He evidently regarded the work as an important one, for he wrote the full score out twice; the first time in E flat, the second in D, and with richer orchestration. The contrapuntal skill is one of its marked features, but, besides this, it is full of true poetic feeling. The bass aria on a *basso quasi ostinato* is very fresh and pleasing, and the solo soprano "Et exultavit" is a little gem. Dr. Richter used the Franz additional accompaniments. The soloists were Miss A. Williams, Madame Trebelli, Mr. Banks, and Signor Foli; the choir-singing was a little rough.

The cantata was followed by Beethoven's C minor symphony. Of course there is nothing new to note about this marvellous manifestation of genius, but it is well worth while to say that of the many fine performances which have been given of it in England under Dr. Richter's direction, this was perhaps the finest. The boisterous manifestations of approval at the close proved how much the audience had felt and enjoyed the music.

Next came Berlioz' "Messe des Morts."



BIRMINGHAM TOWN HALL.

The National Eisteddfod of Wales.

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THE Welsh Eisteddfod opened at Wrexham on Tuesday, Sept. 4th, with the ceremony of the Gorsedd, which was held in the open air. Sir Watkin Wynne, Mr. O. Slaney Wynne, Professor Rhys, the philologist, and Mrs. Rhys were elevated to the bardic degree by Chydfardd, the Arch Druid, the celebrated Hwfa Mon, and Dewi Ogwen. At the conclusion of this ceremony the druids and bards, together with an enormous crowd, marched to the station to receive the distinguished guests of the day, Sir Edward Watkin, the president, and Mr. Gladstone. The latter, who arrived at 10.30, drove at once to the Eisteddfod pavilion, where Sir Edward Watkin delivered his presidential address.

After the address Miss Susan Pierce sang the Eisteddfod song, and the Arch Druid was presented with a silver trumpet, and Hwfa Mon with a sword. Then began the competitions and adjudications. The judges were Mr. Ebenezer Prout and Mr. A. C. Caldicott. The first musical competitions were,—for the best setting of the hymn, "From Greenland's icy mountains," which was won by Dr. Gater, of Dublin; for the best soprano solo singing, the test piece being "Batti, batti"; and for the best performance of Chopin's walse in D flat, the player being under fifteen. Next came an essay competition, and the adjudication for this had scarcely been announced when Mr. Gladstone again arrived at the pavilion to deliver his anxiously awaited speech.

It need scarcely be said that this was eminently flattering to "gallant little Wales," and was naturally received with intense delight, more especially the quotations from Shakespeare proving that the poet credited the Welsh people with being "loving, trusty, and hardy." Mr. Gladstone wisely refrained from touching upon politics, although he had a fling at the English Church in Wales.

In the afternoon, after some minor competitions, came the chief musical event of the day, viz. the choral competition for prizes of £150 and £20 respectively. The test subjects were the fugue, "Cum Sancto Spiritu," from Mozart's Twelfth Mass, "Lord, Thy arm hath been uplifted," from Spohr's "Fall of Babylon," and Bach's "God so loved the world." The first prize was awarded to the Carnarvon Choral Union, and the second to the Birkenhead Cambrian Choral Society.

On Wednesday the presidents were Mr. Osborne Morgan and the Mayor of Wrexham, the address being given by the former. The musical competitions were for prizes offered for the best contralto solo, the best pianoforte playing of a piece at sight, and the best vocal composition for soprano or contralto, the latter being won by Mr. William Davies of Bangor Cathedral. Last, but not least, came the contest for children's choirs for prizes of £15 or £10. The test piece was a chorus out of Mr. Emlyn Evans' Cantata, "Fairy Tribe." The first prize was won by the Llangollen choir, and the second by the Handbridge choir. In the evening a performance of "Elijah" was given, the principal vocalists being Mrs. Mary Davies, Miss Eleanor Rees, Mr. Piercy, and Mr. Sauvage.

The final meeting of the Eisteddfod was marred by heavy showers of rain. In spite of this, however, the ceremonial of the Gorsedd was carried out in the open air. The most in-

teresting part of the proceedings was, of course, the initiation of the bards, druids, and musicians, upon whom titles were to be conferred. Among those who were invested with the degree of "Perceddes," or chief songstress, were Mrs. Mary Davies and Madame Antoinette Sterling, the latter being given the title of "Eos Alban" (Nightingale of England).

The musical competitions were for wind-instrument solo, quartett singing, bass solo, and brass band playing, the latter being won by the Irwell band. The choral competition was limited to Welsh mixed choirs. This was the closest contest of the week, as the singing of all was excellent. Finally, the first prize was awarded to the Newtown choir, and the second to the Tanygrisiau choir. Should the Newtown choir be victorious again next year, the conductor will be entitled to retain the baton, made of pure Welsh gold, and presented by Mr. Pritchard Morgan, which he received on this occasion.

The proceedings closed by a performance in the evening of the "Messiah," at which the soloists were Miss Anna Williams, Madame Marian Mackenzie, Mr. Banks, and Mr. Bridson.

Reviews.

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EDINBURGH : PATERSON & SONS, 27 GEORGE STREET.

Adeline. Music by J. L. Bowman. Words by Tennyson. (2s. net.)

IN the songs sent us for review this month by Messrs. Paterson & Sons, we notice a marked improvement in one respect, upon the general run of English vocal compositions, we mean the unusual care and taste which has been exercised in the choice of the words. English composers, more than any others, have, in this century at least, shown themselves indifferent to the character of the verses they set to music. No German or French composer would dream of handicapping his music with such inanities as those to which the melodies of our modern English ballads are usually wedded. It is, therefore, with all the more pleasure that we note among the vocal music before us settings of poems by Tennyson, Browning, Burns, Thomas Moore, Professor Blackie, and Barry Cornwall. As a natural consequence, the music shows in every case a thoughtful attempt to render adequately the sense and intention of the words, an attempt which must be obviously useless when, as so often happens, the words are destitute of both one and the other.

We begin, as in duty bound, with the Laureate's poem *Adeline*, set by J. L. Bowman. This is a thoroughly graceful and melodious rendering of the graceful, melodious lines. The accompaniment, too, is extremely pleasing and effective. The only defect, to our mind, is the frequent change of time, about which there is nothing particularly appropriate to "faintly smiling Adeline." Eight changes in the time is surely rather a large order for one song of moderate length.

Three Songs by A. C. Mackenzie. (2s. each net.)

Mr. Mackenzie's three Scotch ballads, *The Two Margarets* and *John Fraser*, words by Professor Blackie, and *The Chevalier's Lament*, words by Burns, are also deserving of honourable mention. The composer has been particularly successful in catching much of that dramatic simplicity which is so characteristic of the earlier Scottish ballads, upon which he has evidently founded his style. He has also well brought out in the music those touches of pathos and quaint humour which are to be found both in Burns' and in Professor Blackie's poems. *The Chevalier's Lament* we can particularly recommend as a good man's song.

To Julia Weeping. Words by Thomas Moore. *I'll tend thy Bower.* Words by William Ferguson. Music by Hamish M'Cunn.

Of these two songs, the former is a highly original composition, but, perhaps for that very reason, less likely to be so attractive to the general public as the latter—a very tuneful setting of Ferguson's tuneful lines, with an accompaniment which, like all Mr. M'Cunn's work, is far removed from the commonplace.

Awake! The Starry Midnight Hour. Words by Barry Cornwall. Music by Francis Gibson.

Barry Cornwall's Serenade has always been a favourite, and with reason, with composers. Mr. Gibson's setting will, however, stand a comparison with many of its predecessors, being eminently "singable," with a flowing melody and effective accompaniment.

Frühlingslied. Music by Alfred Gallrein. German and English Words.

It is difficult in these days for a composer with the best intentions to produce anything strikingly original in the way of a Frühlingslied. Mr. Gallrein's song bears a certain family resemblance to many others of its kind, but we are glad to notice that it contains no attempt to imitate the twittering of birds. It gains much in attractiveness by a well-arranged violin or 'cello accompaniment, so easy as to be well within the grasp of the most amateurish of fiddlers.

Dance Music.

From the same publishers we have two waltzes, *Elaine*, by Caroline Lowthian, and *Cinderella*, by Pierre Perrot; two polkas, *The Little Milkmaid*, by Pierre Perrot, and *La Belle de Unit*, by Louis Meyer; a pianoforte piece, *Bluette d'esprit*, by Louis Meyer, and *The Skye Collection of Reels and Strathspeys*. The dance music, when one has recovered from the shock of the frightful pictures on the covers, proves to be rather above the average. The two waltzes, and the *Little Milkmaid* polka, would, we should imagine, be excellent to dance to, being distinguished by a variety of themes all possessing a well-marked melody. *La Belle de Unit*, which professes to be a polka brillante, is evidently intended rather for a drawing-room piece than for the ballroom. *Bluette d'esprit*, a *morceau caractéristique* for the piano, is well described by its title, being a sprightly original little composition, and not too difficult to be within the reach of an average player. Book I. of the *Skye Collection* contains no less than ninety-four reels and Strathspeys, easily arranged for the piano, for the very moderate sum of 2s. net.

ALPHONSE CARY, NEWBURY.

Four Original Part Songs for Ladies' Voices.
By J. C. Forrester.

These part songs, three of which are for two voices, and one for three, would, we should imagine, be very acceptable to amateur female singers, since they are both simple and melodious, and, moreover, the upper part in each is not arranged too high for the most moderate soprano compass.

Choral Gems.—A collection of easy original part songs. The four four-part songs in the above collection are by J. S. Liddle, J. C. Forrester, and the Rev. W. H. Bliss. They are all much in the same style, and on the same level as the last-mentioned part songs, and are published at the very moderate price of 3d. each. The only thing that calls for remark is that in No. 4, *The Cuckoo*, by the Rev. W. Bliss, the bird is made to cuckoo upwards in the bass, from C to E, an innovation of which even the most modern of cuckoos has never yet been guilty.

Original Voluntaries for Organ or Harmonium.
By G. H. Swift.

These Voluntaries, of which there are six books containing ten pieces in each, consist of the usual Preludes, Offerteries, Interludes, Postludes, etc. Although written in a careful, musically manner, they are rather dry and monotonous in style. Being short and easily arranged, however, and published at the moderate price of 1s. for each book, they may prove acceptable to amateur organists and harmonium players.

The Cathedrals of England.

No. IX.—OXFORD.

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VIEW OF OXFORD.

CHIST Church Cathedral, Oxford, is the smallest cathedral in England, having been simply the church of the Priory of St. Frideswide until the establishment of the see of Oxford by Henry VIII. Although the bishopric is thus comparatively modern, the greater part of the cathedral dates from the twelfth century. There are many legends in connection with the life of St. Frideswide, who was the especial patroness of Oxford, in which city she is said to have been born in the eighth century. She early determined to devote herself to a religious life, and retired to a convent built for her at Oxford by her father, Algar, king of Mercia, who had demanded her in marriage, determined to carry her off by force. A battle was fought between the Mercians and the people of Oxford, during which Algar was miraculously stricken blind. He recovered his sight by the intercession of St. Frideswide, the pursuit of whom he thenceforth relinquished. St. Frideswide is said to have performed many miracles, and her shrine and relics became the chief treasures of her convent. The original church was burnt at the massacre of St. Brice's Day, in 1002, when a number of Danes who had taken refuge there perished in the flames.

In the year 1111 an Augustin monk named Guimond obtained the grant of "a certain place in Oxford where the body of St. Frideswide lay," and there founded a priory, and began to build the church which is now known as Christ Church Cathedral. The greater part of the work was completed by his successor, Prior Canutus (1150-1180). The nave, choir, central tower, and transepts are of this date, late Norman, the principal additions up to the suppression of the priory in 1522 being the Lady Chapel in the thirteenth century, and the Latin Chapel in the fourteenth century.

In 1522 Cardinal Wolsey obtained bulls from Pope Clement VIII. for the suppression of forty-two small religious houses, St. Frideswide's among the number, with the revenues of which he intended to found two magnificent colleges, one at Oxford and one at Ipswich. The former was to be built upon the site of the Priory of St. Frideswide. The foundation-stone of the new "Cardinal College" was laid in 1525,

and alterations were begun in the church. The west front and three arches of the nave were destroyed in order to make room for the new college buildings, and a fine roof was built over the choir and nave. The new design was not, however, allowed to proceed far, since the works were stopped upon Wolsey's fall from favour and attainder in 1529. In 1532 the college was refounded by Henry under the name of King Henry VIII.'s College. Ten years later, Henry required its surrender in order that the revenues might be applied to the new bishopric of Oxford which had just been founded at Osney Abbey, a short distance from the city. In 1545 yet another change took place, the see being removed to Oxford, the college refounded under its present title, and the priory church turned into a cathedral.

The exterior is extremely plain, and it is difficult to obtain a good view of it except from one of the canon's gardens. The spire, which is

short and dumpy, is said to be the most ancient in England. The whole interior has undergone very extensive alterations and improvements of late years. The nave has been enlarged, and a new west entrance built. Much of the stained glass in this part of the church is interesting, being the work of the Dutch painter Van Linge between the years 1630 and 1640, an unfortunate time, since

Guimond. Another interesting monument is that of Elizabeth, Lady Montacute (died 1353), who, according to tradition, was a great benefactress to the priory, since she is said to have built the Latin Chapel as her own chantry, and also to have given the monks the meadow known as Christ Church Walk.

The famous shrine of St. Frideswide formerly stood in this chapel. After the suppression of the monastery in 1522 the relics were concealed, but a curious fate was in store for them. Peter Martyr, divinity professor of Christ Church during the reign of Edward VI., had brought his wife, who had formerly been a nun, within the college walls. After her death she was buried at first in the cathedral till Cardinal Pole ordered that her body should be cast out from holy ground. Elizabeth, after her accession, desired that the body should be decently buried. "The fragments were recovered with difficulty, and were about to be replaced in the earth



THE CATHEDRAL FROM THE NORTH-WEST.

some of it was destroyed by the rebels very soon after it was put up.

The most striking feature of the choir is Wolsey's magnificent groined roof, with its lantern-shaped pendants. The fittings are mostly modern. On the south side stands the Episcopal throne, which was erected as a memorial of the late Bishop Wilberforce at a cost of a thousand pounds. The fine carved reredos in sandstone and red marble is also a modern addition. The Early Decorated east window was filled with stained glass in 1854 by the members of the college, to celebrate the third centenary of its foundation. The Lady Chapel, of Early English architecture, contains several interesting monuments. Among others may be mentioned a tomb under an exquisitely canopied canopy of three pointed arches, which has been said, though incorrectly, to be that of Prior

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under the floor of the cathedral, when some one produced the sacred box which contained the remains of St. Frideswide . . . and an instant sense of the fitness of things consigned to the same resting-place the bones of the wife of Peter Martyr. The married nun and the virgin saint were buried together, and the dust of the two remains under the pavement inextricably blended."

The Lady Chapel also contains a monument of Robert Burton, author of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, who was a student at Christ Church in 1599. The chapel on the north side of the choir is called the Latin Chapel, from the Latin service read there at the beginning of term. The woodwork fittings which formerly stood in the choir are very fine, having been prepared for Wolsey when he began to alter and improve the church. The east window in this chapel, of which both the stone tracery and the stained glass are modern (the latter being designed by Mr. Burne Jones), represents a series of incidents in the legendary life of St. Frideswide.

The chapter-house, which was thoroughly restored in 1879, is a beautiful specimen of Early English architecture. The famous Christ Church bells, named Hautclere, Douce, Clement, Austyn, Marie, Gabriel, and John, etc., celebrated by Dean Aldrich in his catch, "Hark, the bonny Christ Church bells!" have lately been removed from the cathedral tower, and placed in a belfry tower built over the staircase east of the hall.

The bishops of Oxford have not played a very conspicuous part in the history of our country, being, as was but natural, rather men of learning than men of war or politics.

Bishop Compton (1674-1675) was distinguished by his endeavours to reconcile the dissenters to the Church of England, and also by the zeal with which he took up the cause of William of Orange; but as he spent but one year at Oxford, being then translated to London, he is more properly identified with the latter diocese. He was succeeded by perhaps the best known of all Oxford's bishops, the famous Dr. Fell (1676-1686), the subject of the parody of one of Martial's epigrams beginning

"I do not like thee, Dr. Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell," etc.

In the account of Bishop Fell's life it is certainly difficult to discover any reasonable ground for dislike. The son of Samuel Fell, dean of Christ Church, he was entered as a student of the college at the age of eleven. During the siege of Oxford by Cromwell's soldiers he served as a cavalier trooper. After the Restoration he was appointed, successively, Canon and Dean of Christ Church and Bishop of Oxford. Like his father, he was a liberal benefactor to the college. Among other works, he completed the north side of the great quadrangle, the western gateway, and the octagonal tower which surrounds it. By his will he established ten exhibitions for undergraduate commoners. He also rebuilt the Episcopal palace at Cuddesdon, which had been destroyed by the rebels under Colonel Legge. Antony Wood asserts that he was "the most zealous man of his time for the Church of England; a great encourager and promoter of learning in the university, and of

all public works belonging thereto; of great resolution and exemplary charity; of strict integrity, a learned divine, and excellently skilled in the Latin and Greek languages."

The first musician connected with the cathedral of whom we have any record, is William Stonard, who was organist of Christ Church during the early part of the seventeenth century. Some of his works are in the Music School, Oxford, and an Evening Service by him is in the Tudway Collection. Stonard died in 1630. He was succeeded by Edward Lowe, who in 1660 was appointed one of the organists at the Chapel Royal, and in 1662 professor of music at Oxford. His most important published work was *A Short Direction for the Performance of Cathedral Service*, containing the notation of the responses, litany, etc. Lowe died at Oxford in 1682, and was buried in the Latin Chapel.

Dean Aldrich, who was born in 1647, was appointed canon of Christ Church in 1681, and dean in 1689. He was an enthusiastic musician.

he composed an oratorio, "The Captivity of Judah," which was performed at Trinity Hall. In 1788 he removed to Oxford, and in 1790 was appointed organist of Christ Church. He afterwards became professor of music at Oxford, music lecturer at the Royal Institution, London, and Principal of the Royal Academy of Music upon its establishment in 1822. He died at Taunton in 1847. His compositions are very varied, including oratorios, of which "Palestine" is the best known, anthems, organ and pianoforte pieces, also some useful treatises on thorough-bass, harmony, and composition.

The cathedral organ was originally built by the famous Father Smith, who came to England in 1660, and for the next thirty or forty years was so largely employed in replacing the organs which had been destroyed during the Rebellion. Of Father Smith's organ at Christ Church nothing remains beyond the original case and a couple of stops. The instrument, which formerly stood upon a screen dividing the choir from the nave, was enlarged by Messrs. Gray & Davison in 1848, when it was removed to the west end. In 1883 it was again enlarged, or, more properly speaking, entirely rebuilt, with the exception of two stops, by Mr. Henry Willis, and now stands on a screen at the west end.

The cloisters are said to have been the work of the same Lady Montacute who built the Latin Chapel. They originally formed a square, but the greater part of the west and north walks were destroyed at the same time as the west front. They have, however, as we have already mentioned, been carefully restored of late years.

Among other interesting relics contained in the chapter-house is the foundation-stone of Wolsey's College at Ipswich, which was "rescued from destruction by the Rev. Richard Canning, rector of Harkstead and Freston in Suffolk, who found it built into a wall, and bequeathed it to the Dean and Chapter in 1789." The following inscription is engraved upon the stone:—"Anno Christi 1528, et Regni Henrici Octavi, Regis Angliae 20, mensis vero Junii 15, possum per Johannem, Episcopum Lidensem."

INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL (CHRIST CHURCH).

"His choir was well appointed . . . he contributed also largely to its stock of sacred music; and some of his anthems, being reserved in the collections of Boyce and Arnold, are known and sung in every cathedral in the kingdom." As we have said, he was the composer of the catch on the subject of the Christ Church bells, and also of one in praise of smoking. Dean Aldrich died in 1710.

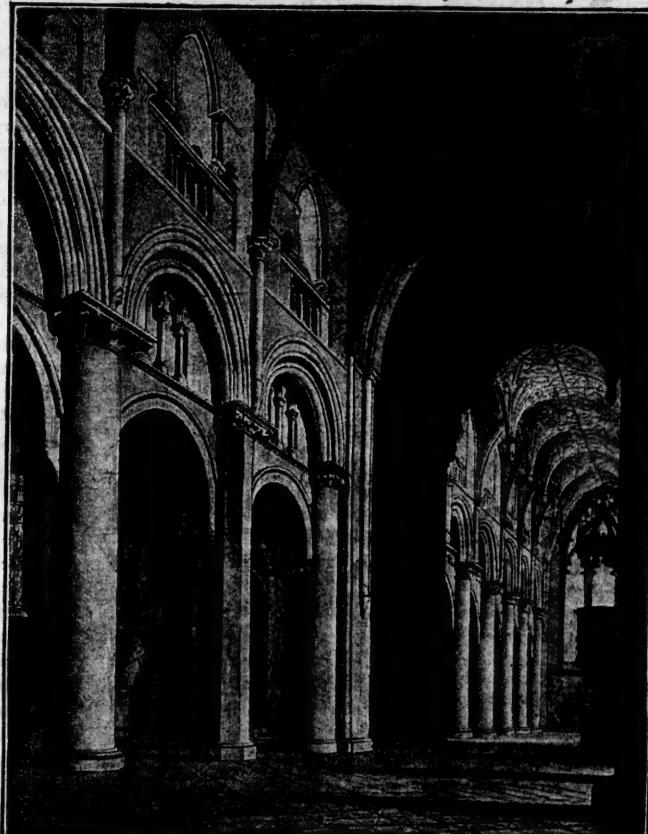
By far the most famous of the organists of Christ Church was Dr. Crotch, who was born in 1775 at Norwich, where his father was a carpenter. Never, probably, was there a more precocious genius, for when little more than two years old he was able to play easy tunes on a small organ which his father had built. Dr. Burney interested himself in the child, and at the age of five he was taken to London, where he performed in public on the organ. In 1786 he went to Cambridge, where he became assistant to the organist of Trinity. When only fourteen

M. PLANQUETTE has arrived in England, and is engaged in putting the finishing touches to his new opera "Paul Jones," which will be produced a few months hence at the Prince of Wales' Theatre.

"LOHENGRIN" has been given 100 times in London during the past thirteen years. A musical contemporary comments upon the fact that "Dorothy" reached 700 performances in one run.

MADAME PATTI has intimated to the Secretary of the Swansea Hospital that she will give a grand concert in the Albert Hall, Swansea, on October 11, for the benefit of the hospital and other local charities.

THE Liverpool Philharmonic Concerts will begin on October 2. At the first Sir Charles Hallé will be the pianist, and Miss M'Intyre, who made such a favourable impression at the Italian Opera last season, will be the vocalist. At the second concert Lady Hallé, or Madame Norman Neruda, as she is still to be called, will play, and Mr. Max Heinrich, a German-American, who has earned the title of the "Transatlantic Santley," will sing.



Literature of Music

A POPULAR HISTORY OF MUSIC.

BY JAMES MATTHEW.

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THE noticeable increase in the number of books upon musical subjects which are brought out during the year, is a favourable sign of the awakening interest of the British public in the art, and the consequent increased demand for musical literature. But a few months ago we noticed the third volume of Mr. Rowbotham's exhaustive *History of Music*, and now we have the same task to perform by Mr. Matthew's *Popular History of Music, Musical Instruments, Ballet, and Opera, from St. Ambrose to Mozart*, for so runs the whole comprehensive title. It must be allowed that, as far as style goes, Mr. Rowbotham's very learned and diffuse work is by far the more "popular" and readable of the two, since Mr. Matthew has had to cram his fifteen centuries of music into one volume of very moderate size; and, consequently, though he gives a clear bird's-eye view of the various periods of which he treats, only the bare facts are necessarily presented, and that in a somewhat cut-and-dried fashion.

The chief charm of the book lies undoubtedly in the numerous and very interesting engravings with which its pages are enriched, particularly those taken from ancient illuminations, frescoes, and woodcuts representing mediæval musicians and their instruments. The illustrations of the latter half of the book consist chiefly of portraits of the principal musicians and composers of the last three centuries.

It may be remembered that the concluding volume of Mr. Rowbotham's History covers a period dating from the art supremacy of the Greeks and Romans down to the extermination of the Troubadours in the twelfth century. In his first two chapters, Mr. Matthew proceeds very much upon the same lines, although in greatly condensed form, as will be readily imagined when we say that an account of St. Ambrose, St. Gregory, Guido d'Arezzo and his improved notation, Boethius, the Troubadours, and the Minnesingers, is all compressed into one chapter of twenty-four pages. The second chapter deals exclusively with the origin and growth of musical instruments of every variety. Here the illustrations are extremely interesting, particularly those which represent the first attempts at organ-building. For example, in fig. 32, we are shown a primitive organ, which "was actually blown by the breath of two attendants, who, of course, had to blow alternately to keep up the pressure of wind." The pneumatic organ soon came into use; and in fig. 33 we have the representation of a fourth century concert, taken from an obelisk erected by Theodosius at Constantinople, in which the pressure of air in the organs is produced by the weight of a couple of attendants who are standing on the upper board of the bellows. Equally well represented are the early forms of the violin, such as the crwth, the rebec, and the organistrum.

The third chapter is, in our opinion, one of the most interesting in the book, since it deals with a period which is now too generally ignored or forgotten, namely, that of the musical supremacy of the Netherlands, which lasted from the beginning of the fifteenth down to the middle of the sixteenth century. It is curious to observe

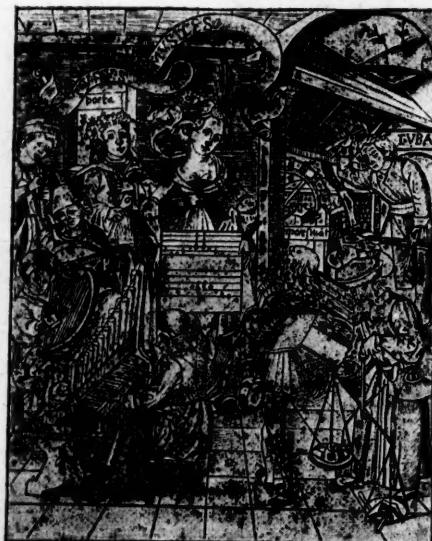
in the history of nations, how a sort of art wave, whether it be of music, architecture, or painting, seems to pass over one people after another, under the influence of which their men of genius rise to heights hitherto undreamed of, and the progress of which is marked by the most glorious and immortal works. Thus a musical wave seems to have passed over the Netherlands in the fifteenth century, which resulted in the rise of a school of composers "the influence of which in a short time made itself paramount over the whole of Europe," though their very names are now practically forgotten. One of the chief

there was a great demand, were printed both in Italy and Flanders. The last great light of the Flemish school was Orlando di Lassus, who was born in 1520. As a child he had such a beautiful voice, that no less than three attempts were made to kidnap him. In after life he was tempted to Munich by the flattering offers made him by Duke Albert of Bavaria, and there he spent the remainder of his days. He left behind him an enormous number of works, of which a splendid collection is still preserved in the Royal Library of Munich, written on vellum, with illuminations and the richest binding. After his death the musical wave seems to have receded in great measure from the Netherlands, and thenceforward Italy became the chosen home of the divine art.

The succeeding chapters treat of the early history of music in Italy, Germany, England, and France, and the rise of opera, oratorio, and the ballet. They consist in great measure of short sketches of the great composers of each country, whose lives are probably familiar to most of our readers, and therefore do not call for notice. One interesting period we must not, however, pass over without mention, especially as in musical literature it is seldom accorded the place it deserves; we refer to the early history of music in England.

Although up to the time of the Reformation England played but a very small part in the history of the art, we have at least one musical possession to which we may point with justifiable pride, namely, the earliest secular composition in parts existing in any country. This is the famous round, "Summer is icumen in," which is attributed to the first half of the thirteenth century. From the end of the sixteenth down to the end of the seventeenth century, with the exception of the period when the Puritans were in power, England had more right to the name of a musical country than at any other time in her history; that is to say, music seems then to have been a native growth of the soil, and not the costly exotic which it became after the introduction of Italian Opera. The first fifty years of the period I have mentioned has been well called the Madrigalian Era. Collections of madrigals were first introduced from Italy; but this form of composition was soon imitated, and with great success, by English composers, chief among whom were Orlando Gibbons and Thomas Weelkes. Owing to the popularity of the madrigal, part-singing became a very general accomplishment. It is with a feeling of regret for these good old times that we read the following passage which occurs in Morley's

Plaine and Easie Introduction to Practical Musicke (1597), when Philomathes, the disciple, gives his reasons for seeking instruction:



MUSIC AND POETRY.
(Facsimile of a Wood Engraving in the *Margarita Philosophica*, 1508.)



PRIMITIVE ORGAN.
(Sculpture in the Museum at Arles.)

leaders of the Flemish school was Josquin de Prés (born 1450), who was successively in the service of Lorenzo di Medici, Louis XII. of France, and the Emperor Maximilian I. De Prés was not only a distinguished musician, but a man of tact and address, as the following anecdote will prove. "On one occasion Louis wished him to write a piece of music for several voices, in which he himself could take a part. The king was an indifferent musician, with a weak voice, and sang much out of tune. The composer wrote a part which he called *vox regis*, consisting of the repetition of a single note throughout."

The invention of the madrigal is due to these Flemings; and the art of printing music with moveable types having just been discovered, set after set of madrigals, for which



SCENE FROM THE OPERA OF "COLOSSE," WITH A VIEW OF THE PONT NEUF, 1689.

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"Supper being ended, and musicke-booke, according to the custom, being brought to the table, the mistress of the house presented mee with a part, earnestly requesting me to sing. But when, after manie excuses, I protested unfainedly that I could not, everie one began to wonder. Yea, some whispered to others, demanding how I was brought up. So that, upon shame of mine ignorance, I go nowe to seeke out mine olde friende, Master Gnorimus, to make my selfe his scholler."

After the Restoration came another golden age of music in England, when a school of Church composers rose up, the leaders of which were such men as Blow, Wise, and Jeremiah Clarke. Henry Purcell, too, our greatest English musical genius, who possessed such mastery over every branch of the art, was astonishing his contemporaries by the most splendid and original creations, both sacred and secular. The science of organ-building had received an impetus, thanks to the destruction of these instruments by Cromwell's troops, and Father Smith and Renatus Harris were kept busily at work to provide our cathedrals with new and much improved organs.

Mr. Matthew's account of the rise of opera in France is rendered more interesting by the curious illustrations representing the title-pages of operas by Lully and Colasse, which give us some idea of stage scenery and grouping in the latter part of the seventeenth century. The same may be said of the engravings of scenes from the eighteenth century operas and ballets. In fact, as we have already observed, the chief interest of the book lies in its illustrations. We must not, however, omit, in conclusion, to give a word of praise to the general get-up of the work, the clear type, large margins, and, last but not least, the full and complete index, which adds much to its value as a book of reference.

Mr. J. Marion Crawford on Wagner.

MR. F. MARION CRAWFORD'S new book, *With the Immortals*, introduces us to a thoroughly unique party of four persons, blessed with health, wealth, beauty, and varied mental powers, together with the conscious enjoyment of these advantages. The party consists of Mr. Augustus Chard, his wife Gwendoline, her mother Lady Brenda, and his sister Diana. They suit each other exactly; and, at the cost of £10,000, have fitted up an old castle at Amalfi, wherein to pass a summer, "in a pleasant round of discussion, music, and semi-mystic literary amusement, varied by a few experiments on the electric phenomena of the Mediterranean."

Mr. Augustus Chard had considerable powers of organisation, a mixture of revolutionary and conservative ideas, a taste for mysticism and magic, "tempered by a considerable experience of serious science, in which his immense wealth permitted him to make experiments beyond the reach of ordinary men." He would demonstrate that "the appearance of beings from another world was not a whit more remarkable than the production of the electric light, nor more incomprehensible than the causes of attraction." Accordingly, after a talk about "ghosts," and the desirability of conversing with sundry specially chosen great men of the past, Augustus Chard devised a simple yet gigantic experiment in electricity, for the comprehension of which we refer our readers to the book itself. Suffice it to say that he converted the earth and the sea into a stupendous battery, immersing one conductor in the sea and attaching another to the land. The process, too long for transcribing, was successfully accomplished, and three results took place. First, an illumination of the mountains, brilliantly described; secondly and consequently, a sirocco under the clear stars, and an awful thunderstorm; and thirdly, after the

me immensely to watch the progress of what Mozart began."

"It sickens me to see what has grown in literature from the ruins of what I helped to demolish," answered Heine.

"Believe me, my dear friend," returned the musician, "without romance there is neither music nor literature."

"What do you mean by romance, exactly?" asked Gwendoline.

"Romance is the possibility of associating ideas of people with an object presented to the senses apart from the mere beauty of the object. I say that much magnificent music pleases intensely by the senses alone. Music is a dialogue of sounds. The notes put questions and answer them. In fugue writing the second member is scientifically called the 'answer.' When there is no answer, or if the answer is bad, there is no music at all. The ear tells that. But such a musical dialogue of sounds may please intensely by the mere satisfaction of the musical sense; or it may please because, besides the musical completeness, it suggests human feelings and passions, and so appeals to a much larger part of our nature. . . . To my mind, romantic music is that which expresses what we feel, besides satisfying our sense of musical fitness. I think that Mozart was the founder of that school. I laboured for it myself. Wagner has been the latest expression of it."

"I adore Wagner," said Diana. "But it always seems to me that there is something monstrous in his music. Nothing else expresses what I mean."

"The monstrous element can be explained," said Chopin. "Wagner appeals to a vast mass of popular tradition which really exists only in Germany and Scandinavia. He then brings those traditions suddenly before our minds with stunning force, and gives them an overpowering reality. I leave it to you whether the impression must not necessarily be monstrous when we suddenly realize in the flesh, before our eyes, such tales as that of Siegfried and Siegmund or of Parsifal and the Holy Grail. It is great—gigantic, but

it is too much. I admit that I experience the sensation, dead as I am, when I stand among the living at Bayreuth and listen. But I do not like the sensation. I do not like the frantic side of this modern romanticism. The delirious effect and excesses of it stupify without delighting. I do not want to realize the frightful crimes and atrocious actions of mythological men and beasts, any more than I want to see a man hanged or guillotined. I think romance should deal with subjects not wholly barbarous, and should try to treat them in a refined way, because no excitement which is not of a refined kind can be anything but brutalizing. Man has enough of the brute in him already without being taught to cultivate his taste for blood by artificial means. Perhaps I am too sensitive—I hate blood. I detest commonplace, but I detest still more the furious contortions of ungoverned passion."

"But you cannot say that Wagner is exaggerated in his effects," argued Diana.

"No; they are well studied, and the result is stupendous when they are properly reproduced. He is great, almost too great. He makes one realize the awful too vividly. He produces intoxication rather than pleasure. He is an egotist in art. He is determined that when you have heard him you shall not be able to listen to any one else, as a man who eats opium is disgusted with everything when he is awake. I believe there is a pitch in art at which



A ZEPHYR, FROM A BALLET, AFTER MARTIN, EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. A DEMON, FROM A BALLET, AFTER MARTIN, EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

storm had been quelled by the electrician, the appearance of a man in the dress of five-and-thirty years ago, who startled the party by inquiring, "Do you see me, that you look at me thus?" It was Heinrich Heine. The icy coldness of his hand was the only proof of his difference from the living, and our friends were soon at their ease with the stranger. An interesting conversation followed, after which Chopin joined them, coming out of the great hall where he had been improvising on the grand piano. A musical turn was of course given to the conversation, and from this we give the following extract:—

CHOPIN. "What an ideal life! If I could live again, I would live as you do—in a beautiful place over the sea, far from noise, dust, and all that is detestable."

"It is a part of fairy land," answered Heine. "Do you remember? It was only last year that we came here together and sat on the rocks, and tried to think what the people were like who once lived here, and whether any one would ever live here again, and you wished there were a piano in the old place; you have your wish now."

"It is not often that such wishes are realized," said Chopin. "It is rarely indeed that I can touch a piano now, though I hear much music. It interests

pleasure becomes vicious: the limit certainly exists in sculpture and painting as well as in literature. Art should nourish the mind, not drown it. To say that Wagner's own mind, and the minds of some of his followers, were of such strong temper that nothing less than his music could excite them pleasurable, is not an answer. . . . Modern art is drunk—drunk with the delight of expressing excessively what should not be expressed at all. . . . Ah! for art's sake, let poor art be kept sober until the heaven-born muses deign to pay us another visit."

"Amen!" exclaimed Heine devoutly. "The same things are true of literature. But I admire Wagner, nevertheless, though his music terrifies me. I think Mozart was the Raphael, Wagner the Michael Angelo of the opera. Any one may choose between the two, for it is a matter of taste."

By way of completing our sketch of the slight story on which these two interesting volumes turn, we may add that during the next few days the influence of the electrical battery continues, and the party is agreeably increased by the presence of Julius Caesar, Leonardo da Vinci, Francis the First, Dr. Johnson, the Chevalier Bayard, and Pascal.

The only females who appear are the Sirens, who sing on the rocks of the isles as the Englishman's yacht passes by with its strange freight; after which "the Immortals" fade away from sight, and the book abruptly closes.

Foreign Notes.

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ONE of the latest operatic novelties at the Munich Theatre has been Herr Zöllner's "Faust." This work has been awaited with great interest, as the young composer is expected to carry on the Wagner traditions in Germany. This expectation has, however, hardly been realized in his "Faust," since, although the voice parts take the form of declamatory recitative, Herr Zöllner has made little or no use of the *Leitmotiv*, and the rich instrumentation of the Wagnerian drama is here reduced to a simple accompaniment, little more, according to one critic, than a *tremolo à l'orchestre*.

* * *

AT the Scala Theatre at Milan, the *répertoire* of the approaching season will comprise, among other works, a new opera by Baron Franchetti, called "Asrael," and, for a second novelty, "Edgardo," by the young composer Puccini.

* * *

THE Italian tenor Masini, who recently received 750,000 francs for a season in South America, is dissatisfied with this rate of pay, and now refuses to renew his contract for next season under a million francs. It is rumoured, however, that he may be induced to accept 850,000. He has just sent a donation of 500 francs to the "Société des Artistes lyriques." We wonder how he could afford it.

* * *

ITALIAN instrumentalists do not appear to be so lucky as tenors, judging from two advertisements in the newspapers. One gives notice that there is an opening for a second clarinet in the orchestra of Cremona, annual salary £10. Another inquires for an organist for the parish church of San Giacomo, at Udine; salary £12, 11s.

* * *

CERTAIN small reforms have recently taken place in the Opera at Berlin. The performances are now to begin at 7.30 instead of 7 o'clock. A very practical improvement is the printing upon the bills the name of the *chef d'orchestre* of the evening, and of the *réisseur*. Lastly, the name of the composer will appear before that of the author of the libretto. Thus

the announcement of an opera which hitherto has run "Der Freischütz, von Fr. Kind, musik von C. M. Weber," will now be printed, "Der Freischütz, oper von C. M. Weber, dichtung von Fr. Kind."

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MADAME EMMA NEVADA has been enjoying a veritable triumph at the Manzoni Theatre at Milan, in "La Sonnambula." The French critics regret that it has not been found possible to keep so good an artiste in Paris, but wish that she could be heard in a more modern *répertoire*.

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AMONG the novelties announced by von Bülow for his next series of Philharmonic Concerts at Berlin, are Saint-Saëns' third symphony (with organ); the "Sinfonia Tragica" of Draesacke, and the last new symphony of Dvorák.

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IT is reported in Germany that Wagner's heirs intend to withdraw his youthful symphony for ever as soon as the right of performance, which has been conceded to Herr Wolff for one year, has expired. Madame Cosima Wagner has also refused the offers made her by a Berlin publisher for the right of publication. Many persons think it a pity that the same is not done by Wagner's youthful opera "Die Feen," which is stigmatized as a mediocre and prodigiously wearisome work.

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ANTONIO BAZZINI, the director of Milan Conservatoire, is expected in Berlin this winter, to be present at the performance of his symphonic poem, "Francesca da Rimini," at one of the Bülow concerts.

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FRAU AMALIE JOACHIM will give a Lieder Abend in Berlin in October, at which Brahms' newest work, "Zigeunerlieder," for four voices, with pianoforte accompaniment, will be performed for the first time. This composition has not yet been printed.

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FROM Alexandria we hear that the German pianos have quite superseded the Viennese instruments, which formerly were the only ones used in Egypt. The Austrian consul expresses his regret that the Viennese manufacturers continue to work upon the old lines, while the Germans endeavour to make such alterations as shall render their instruments more capable of withstanding a hot climate.

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FROM Dresden comes the surprising announcement that Herr Nicodé, who for the last three winters has so ably conducted the Philharmonic Concerts in that city, will not continue at his post, which will be filled by Herr Schröder, the Hamburg Kapellmeister.

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SIEGFRIED OCHS' new three-act comic opera, "Im Namen des Gesetzes," will shortly be produced at Hamburg, Breslau, and Frankfort.

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BY royal command the following operas are to be newly studied and performed at the Berlin Opera House this winter:—"Der Rattenfänger von Hameln" of Nessler, "Ferdinand Cortez" of Spontini, and "Das Feldlager in Granada" of Meyerbeer. And yet the young Kaiser is asserted, by some people, to be a Wagnerite.

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THE first novelty produced at the Hamburg Opera House next season will be Reznick's "Satanella," which has already been successfully brought out at Prague.

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THE Berlin tenor, Herr Rothmühl, has been invited to Naples next March, to sing in "Tannhäuser," which is to be performed there for the first time. Herr Rothmühl is offered for eight performances an honorarium of 20,000 marks, besides his expenses.

* * *

THE composer Eugenio Pirani, who sent Queen Margarita a copy of his orchestral hymn, played at the late festival in Bologna, has received from her a costly pin, upon which is an M. and a crown in diamonds.

IT is said that Madame Patti will soon be able to celebrate the jubilee of her twenty-fifth "last" concert tour. Considering that her very latest "last" tour in South America produced over two million francs for twenty-four performances, it seems likely that so profitable a speculation will be continued not only to the twenty-fifth, but to the fiftieth "last" tour.

A RUSSIAN paper announces that from next autumn the personnel of the Court Theatre at St. Petersburg will have to wear a uniform similar to that worn by the members of the Imperial Hofkapelle. Will this rule apply to the ladies also? If so, should the uniform prove unbecoming, the Intendant might find it difficult to procure sopranos and contraltos.

THE Belgian tenor, Herr van Dyck, who sang the part of Parsifal at the recent Bayreuth Festival, is to sing once more on trial at the Vienna Opera before being finally engaged. It is a curious fact that Herr van Dyck, who is twenty-nine years old, has hitherto sung almost exclusively at concerts. The only two operatic rôles that he has essayed are "Lohengrin" and "Tannhäuser."

THE UNVEILING of the Marschner memorial at Zittau has been postponed till the 30th of September, in consequence of an accident which happened during the process of casting the bust at Berlin.

PAULINE LUCCA has, it is said, decided to retire from the stage in 1890, in order to found in Gmünden a small opera house in connection with a singing-school. Before her retirement, however, the songstress will make a farewell tour in Germany and America.

VERDI'S "Otello" is shortly to be produced in Berlin. Herr Niemann will sing the title rôle. Desdemona will be represented first by Frau Sachse-Hofmeister, afterwards by Frau Sucher.

EUGEN D'ALBERT is at work on a new opera in the romantic style, of which the libretto as well as the music will come from his pen. Herr d'Albert will make a lengthened concert tour this winter in Germany, Austria, Russia, and Spain.

AN old one-act opera of Taubert's called "Die Kirmess" is to be revived in Berlin this season. It was first produced in 1832, and remained on the *répertoire* till 1851, since which time it has never been given.

ACCORDING to certain French papers, Charles Gounod is engaged upon a new opera called "Charlotte Corday," which is destined for the Opéra Comique. On the other hand, he is reported to have told his friends that he was at work upon a mass, and that he had not the slightest inclination to write a "Charlotte Corday."

THE headquarters of the executive committee of the Wagner-Verein is to be removed from Munich to Berlin. This has given rise to a report, circulated by some of the continental papers, that the Wagner theatre is to be transferred from Bayreuth to Berlin, a report which, it is needless to say, is wholly without foundation.

YET another new musical journal has made its appearance in Germany under the title of *Centralblatt für Musik*. It is published in Leipzig, and constitutes, we should fancy, about the hundred and fiftieth musical paper in the German empire.

THE musical literature which has recently appeared in Germany includes a Life of Ole Bull, of the poet musician Peter Cornelius, Johannes Brahms, and Hans von Bülow, besides a collection of musical aphorisms from the works of the great philosophers, authors, and musicians.

OCTOBER, 1888.

Magazine of Music.

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At a recent performance of Gounod's "Faust" at Kroll's theatre in Berlin, the part of Siebel was sung by a tenor instead of a soprano, which has hitherto been the universal custom in Germany. In our opinion the innovation is a sensible one, and we should not be sorry to see it introduced into the other theatres of Germany.

* * *

HERR HOFMÜLLER, of the Darmstadt theatre, who made such a favourable impression in the part of David at the Bayreuth performances of the "Meistersinger," is engaged for the Dresden Court Theatre from the year 1890 forward.

* * *

In theatrical circles in Paris great excitement has been aroused by the news that one or more of Zola's novels is to be set to music, and that by no less a person than the composer Massenet.

* * *

NEGOTIATIONS are in progress for the establishment of a telephone communication between Paris and Brussels expressly for operatic performances.

* * *

THE MS. of Meyerbeer's Bavarian Schützen March, written in 1829 for King Ludwig I., and which had long been lost, has lately been found in the theatre library at Munich, together with a letter of thanks from the king.

* * *

FRAU COSIMA WAGNER appeared at a public performance for the first time since her husband's death, when the "Meistersinger" was given at Bayreuth on July 30th.

* * *

"DIE WALKÜRE" is to be given in Hungarian next season at the Buda-Pesth Theatre, with Ney as Wotan.

* * *

THE well-known violinist Waldemar Meyer has been offered a professorship at the music school of Tokio by the Japanese Government, with a salary of 17,000 marks. Herr Meyer has declined the offer.

* * *

THE new Hofburg Theatre at Vienna, which it has taken thirteen years to build, is to be opened about the middle of October, the rehearsals having already begun. The electric light is used throughout, the total number of lamps being over 5000. The various scenic effects will be produced by tinted lamps. The decoration of the auditorium is white and gold, and the furniture is covered with ruby plush. The building will have cost altogether about £2,400,000; but with this money the Viennese will be able to boast the finest theatre in the world.

* * *

AMONG Liszt's MSS. an oratorio called "Vie Crucis" has been found, which will shortly be published.

* * *

A CERTAIN Herr Bungert has written a musical tetralogy, called "The Homeric World." It is possible that the third part, "Nausicaa," may be produced at New York next winter.

A Little Music, or a Crotchet's Tale.

By S. M. CRAWLEY BOEVEY.

YOU will perhaps wonder how it is that I, an insignificant crotchet in the Kaiser Quartet, should have a tale to tell. Perhaps this never would have happened were it not for the three words that head this article,—three words destined to raise my hopes, only to dash them into the depths, first of disgust, then of despair.

The Kaiser Quartet, as every one knows who knows anything worth telling, was written by the gentle, little, old Capel Meister, Haydn by name, who wore red heels to his shoes and said his prayers before setting his brains to work. Perhaps in consequence

of this the work his brains did was very good, very beautiful, for Haydn recognised who gave him the power to use them when calling me and my relations into play. He grouped us, drilled us, scratched us with his quill pen into combinations that filled us with delight when turned from sight to sound by obedient instruments. And when the composer died, his works still lived on. In short, they proved more than mortal, and many will say I am not far wrong in pronouncing them to be immortal.

More than a hundred and fifty years have gone by since Joseph Haydn first saw the light, yet his name and his music are more beloved than they were during his lifetime, and there is not the faintest sign of enthusiasm being on the wane. But all this is a digression. Pardon me, for I am only a crotchet; and like many small people am given to rambling speech occasionally.

When my brown overcoat was first removed after a long journey from the town house, where we were dressed in a dusty shop, to a country house, some gentle hands laid the pages where we lived open on the desk of a grand piano, eyes, from which beamed mingled love and music, scanned those pages with an eager glance, and the owner of the eyes remarked, "Ah, we shall have a treat this evening!"

My heart bounded within me at the words. I was conscious of being displayed in swallow tails and round black cap of faultless fit, on a white ground of spotless purity, marshalled with many brother crotchets, an almost equal number of cousin quavers, and several of their near relations, the semiquavers, in battle array. We were all young, untried, and after the manner of youth we looked upon life as a glorious thing, with a future so full of rose-coloured possibilities that we were for ever looking forward, longing to exchange the present for some of them, and thus we were hardly conscious of present bliss.

While the pale green of the music cover lay pressed against the fretwork of the stand, we took stock of our surroundings, and everything on which our eyes lighted helped to increase the vague hopes that made a kind of perpetual echo to the words we had heard—"Ah, we shall have a treat this evening!"

Below us was a row of ivory keys varied by black notes at intervals. This was well enough, for a piano is the best substitute for several instruments where these cannot be had; but surely there is something in yonder shadowy corner leaning confidently against a chair-back. Yes, and a something moreover that suggests a violincello may be inside it. There can be no mistaking the look of the broad-backed shabby case, with its narrow leg uppermost. Underneath the piano, where our gaze cannot penetrate, owing to our limited power of vision, and still more limited power of getting about, somebody has just thrust a coffin-like box, which may contain a violin, but the room is dark as yet; there are only two people in it; and the distant firelight dances redly on the ceiling, throwing such long black shadows across to our end that it is best not to be certain about anything.

The two people are a young girl and a short stout man, whose twinkling eyes and black moustaches absorbed all my attention, so that further description is hopeless. I looked at once critically at the girl's hands, for much depends upon these from a musical point of view, and a glance at them reassured me. The fingers were long, supple, and well-cushioned at the tips, as fingers should be that have to caress the ivory keys of a piano. The palms were broad, the backs nervous, muscular, and not overburdened with fat; still a sigh escaped me, for the gentle sex is proverbially untrustworthy in the matter of time. My next look was at the face above, to see if it corresponded with the hands, and a shiver of vague distrust ran down my spine, for the straw-coloured hair was untidy, the lips were full and flexible, the brows narrow, and the blue eyes restless.

Time dragged slowly on, as it has a way of doing when people are impatient or are looking forward to any particular thing, and we crotchets have our hopes like every one else, though we are dependent on others for putting them into language. One by one four other people came into the room, and in vain did we try to hear what they said, for such an inharmonious babel surely never before tried the listening powers of poor dumb notes. They all talked at once, across each other, at each other, in tones that varied chromati-

cally from a high G to three line D on the bass—how different to our dignity in the middle movement, where each of us says what he has to say, and is then joined by the next part below in delicious harmony!

Suddenly in the distance, fortunately, though not mellowed by it, came a horrible sound, something between the roar of a lion and the bellow of a bull, dying away in a faint shriek, wave upon wave.

"Can these people be really musical," thought I, "if they allow notes like that to be played under their roof, and, furthermore, seem not the least disturbed thereby?"

For, noticing carefully the six faces that soon turned towards the piano with a glow of firelight on them, no one could fail to see that the owners were neither startled nor displeased by the noise which made our very flesh creep. On the contrary, eyes gleamed, I fancied, a trifle brighter, lips curved pleasantly at the corners, and some one observed, "Ah, there goes the gong; let us go into dinner!"

So once more hope was deferred, as, two by two, arm in arm, three ladies and three gentlemen went away, leaving us in our dimly-lit corner to look at the cases of our stringed friends and wonder why, if gongs must be made at all, they should not be created things of music instead of abominable noise.

At last, after a waiting that seemed well-nigh interminable, candles were brought in, coat tails and petticoats once more made the scene lively, and, best of all, instruments were produced from the little coffin as well as the big box, thereby proving the correctness of my guesses on that subject. Evidently four of the party were on music bent; but how is it nobody seems able to set about the simplest thing in divine art without so much tuning up, senseless chatter, and hanging back as it were beforehand, that it jars one's spirit to listen? Here were we, ready and willing to be converted into soul-soothing sounds. There were the performers dallying with bowstrings or keys, yet nobody began to play in earnest, and, stranger still, nobody asked another to do so.

While puzzling over this, a possible solution suggested itself to my mind. A lady who was apparently older, at all events much stouter than the rest of the company, sat immovable in an easy-chair by the fireside. Her head and her hands at least could not be accused of lack of motion, for these seemed to be used to give point to an easy flow of conversation, and she was evidently looked upon by the other people as a leader of society. Of course, then it was for her to set the programme, and sure enough the drawing-room clock had hardly finished striking nine, when, above the buzz of voices, above the scraping of fiddles and the groan of a cello, sounded the ominous words, "It is time for a little music, my dear."

"Hurrah!" thought I, for no one in creation likes to be condemned to silence all his days when nature intends him to speak on G, "Hurrah! we are to have the treat at last."

The young lady with straw-coloured hair took her seat just in front of me, on a music-stool that creaked as she descended, in mild expostulation, for it struck me before long that stool was much older than myself, and in virtue of painful experience knew what was coming. The twinkly-eyed gentleman stood close by, with his fiddle tucked lovingly under his chin, and his head slightly on one side. He evidently was the first violin, and felt fully aware of his proud position in the quartet of performers.

All doubts and fears dispelled for the moment by this near fulfilling of my hopes, I glanced at the other two musicians. He of the cello sat a few yards away, looking as if he had swallowed several ounces of sorrow at a gulp, and had grown thin upon it. He gazed abstractedly at a sheet of manuscript on the stand before him, and seemed absorbed in thought. "Ah!" thought I, "he has the right brows, the deepest set eyes, there is no mistaking him for a pretence or casual lover of me and my brethren."

The second violin was a small, neatly made girl, with just sufficient likeness to the piano player to suggest they might be sisters, as indeed they were; but again the shiver of distrust went down my spine, for in passing the bow lightly across her strings I heard they were not in tune, and suspected the correctness of her ear. True, the first violin put his chin over his shoulder with a careless suggestion of flatness, and the other apparently remedied it, biting

her under lip as she did so. After that, surely all must be well, and she of the blue eyes inquired if her companions were ready.

Yes. My pleasure and expectation were raised to the highest pitch, when with a one, two, three, four, off started the instruments, each seeming to vie with the other in the amount of sound it could produce. No matter, for they did not begin with any particular movement, besides there was an *f* marked by way of excuse for the volume of sound; and though I well knew the strings could not be scraped, nor the keys thumped harder for an *ffff*, it does not do to be too critical over an amateur performance. But when the passage with dotted semiquavers came a few bars on, there were symptoms of future failure, for the second violin limped and wavered. The piano (of course its player is understood) frowned, glanced meaningly at her sister, and in so doing nearly lost her own place. The first violin went bravely on, keeping fair time and excellent tune, while the 'cello gave vent to an audible sigh. His feelings were doubtless disturbed, if not wounded, and it is needless to add this was the case with my own.

Oh, how I welcomed the martial sound of bagpipes towards the end of that first movement, and yet I trembled to think how those four instruments might murder the beauty of my own!

By and by came a pause, a breathing space, evidently considered most necessary after such hard work. The violins wiped their faces as if they had just finished a race (and truly so they had!), the piano sighed in a satisfied way with a smile, the 'cello alone sat grave and mute. And the listeners by the fire passed judgment on the performance, a judgment that made my hair stand on end, to use a common, though perhaps in my case a hardly fitting expression, for it's my belief those blinded souls would rather have heard "Pop goes the Weasel" or "Cherry Ripe." They pronounced the music thus far to be pretty in parts but rather dull, and they, especially the stout lady, hoped "the next bit would have more of a tune."

The four musicians smiled naively at each other, assured her the next part was all tune, and quite easy; then before I had quite recovered my surprise, they started on the third beat. Alas! alas! Pauses were nowhere, the delicate shades of expression so essential to the good rendering of our air were reduced to the dead level of a chronic *mf*; and when the first variation began, wrong notes were almost as plentiful as showers in April.

Oh dear! This was not the worst. In the second variation, the piano lost her time, and the first violin fairly lost his temper—in short, they had all to start again.

"Piano, you are out," cried the leader, and 'cello gave vent to a despairing groan.

Blue eyes pouted, her sister frowned worse than ever, and they began the part again. But why continue this story, for it is a fact often to be observed and much to be deplored, that when once the harmony has been disturbed between four people who think themselves good musicians, without sufficient ground for their opinion, then that harmony is at an end. The present case was no exception to the rule, and I in my desperation cast about for some way of putting an end to it. My right value was hardly ever respected by the lady players, my full tones hardly ever given; but when to these slights were added false notes that made one's very flesh creep, occasional flatness, and general want of sympathy, the result was maddening.

Luckily the pages on which we stood were insecurely balanced on the edge of the stand, and watching our opportunity when the musicians seemed at the highest pitch of exasperation with each other, we exerted our whole strength to roll down on to the fingers below. Oh, what a crash we made on the keys! and this to our exceeding relief put a finishing stroke to the performance.

Rubbing her hands, the poor lady suggested they should all try something they knew better. The 'cello assented with a growl, the second violin looked very cross, or very sorrowful, whichever you like to call it, and as for the first violin he deliberately laid his beloved instrument in its case, declining to play it again that evening on any consideration.

As to myself, it was a positive relief when darkness

and silence fell upon me, when the pages were closed, and I was laid aside to brood over the vanity of earthly hopes.

Friends, readers, think me not bitter, cynical, sarcastic, when I warn you that perfect music is rarely, if ever, to be found in a world where so much is imperfect. But above all never expect much, never hope anything, when at the sleepy end of the day, after a full meal, and perhaps very little practice beforehand, you hear the well-known request for "a little music."

After all, it may be my opinion is not worth much, seeing that I am only a crotchet from the Kaiser Quartet.

Accidentals.

THE new Gilbert and Sullivan opera, "The Tower of London," is said to have more features in common with "The Mikado" and "Patience" than with others of its predecessors. People who have heard the music are very enthusiastic over a duet which is said to be more taking even than "Tit Willow."

SIR ARTHUR is also engaged at the present time upon the incidental music to "Macbeth," which he is writing at Mr. Irving's request.

AMONG the vocal débutants at New York next winter will probably be Mr. Haydn Bailey, who is a brother of Mrs. Henschel's, and a pupil of Mr. Henschel's.

IT is reported that Mr. Abbey has been to Eisenach to see the boy Joseph Hofmann, whose health is said to be completely restored. It is probable that the boy will go to America again in November for another concert tour, but this time he will only be allowed to play twice a week.

MR. ABBEY proved the truth of the saying that a prophet is not without honour save in his own country, for he had great difficulty in finding the Hofmanns' house at Eisenach, no one there having ever heard of the boy prodigy.

THE little Joseph has been studying Beethoven's Concerto in G with Eugene D'Albert, who is enchanted with his pupil. Hofmann *ître* is said to be building a residence at Eisenach which is to cost him 40,000 marks, the savings of his first American trip.

THE anti-Wagnerite Intendant of the Berlin Opera, Graf Hochberg, was present at the Bayreuth performances.

HANDEL's oratorio, "La Resurrezione," which has never been heard in England, will be produced in London next winter.

THE once famous French tenor Duprez is cultivating poetry in his old age, and has just published two volumes. The first contains a number of little tales and poetic stories on various subjects. The second professes to be a series of historic tales on the Royal Academy of Music from 1645 to the present day, dedicated to the tenors, baritones, and basses of the opera, present and to come. Duprez is in his eightieth year.

THE London Symphony Concerts will next season be carried on without a guarantee, and solely at Mr. Henschel's own risk. They will begin on November 10th, and, except for a break between December 11th and January 15th, will be continued on Tuesday evenings weekly till February 19th.

AT the Bristol Festival, which will begin on October 16, and last four days, the principal works

performed will be "Elijah," the "Messiah," "The Golden Legend," Mackenzie's "Rose of Sharon," and part of Glück's "Iphigenia." The artists engaged are Mesdames Albani, Anna Williams, Trebelli, Patey, and Belle Cole, and Messrs. Lloyd, Banks, Santley, and Mills.

UNFORTUNATELY October 16 is the day fixed for the opening of the Parnell inquiry, which, it is to be feared, will quite distract the public attention from the Bristol Festival.

EVERYTHING seems to have gone off well at the Melbourne Exhibition, except that in firing a royal salute an artilleryman blew his arm off. Mr. Cowen's "Song of Thanksgiving" has now been heard in England, therefore it is needless to say more about it than that it was favourably received, and fairly performed by a chorus of seven hundred and an orchestra of seventy members.

ONE of the most interesting pieces performed at the Exhibition was the Centennial Cantata, for which a prize of fifty guineas was given, the successful composer being a Mr. King, whose work was chosen out of 257 sent in for competition.

MADAME MINNIE HAUKE has written to the *London Figaro* to contradict the report that she is going to America this winter. She mentions the probability of her coming to England to sing in concerts, and also of her going to Petersburg, Moscow, and other cities in Russia.

MADAME ALBANI will, early next year, leave for her Canadian tour, returning to England in time for the opera season.

MR. PROUT, jun., eldest son of Mr. Ebenezer Prout, has been appointed to the post of Professor of Harmony at the Crystal Palace, which his father held for a quarter of a century.

MESSRS. REMINGTON & CO. will shortly publish Colonel Mapleson's Memoirs, which are sure to be good reading, as they are said to be full of anecdote. The memoirs extend over thirty years, beginning where Lumley's reminiscences left off.

MESSRS. PATERSON announce a series of six subscription concerts in Edinburgh next December and January, for which Mr. Manns' orchestra is engaged. The novelties will include a new cantata by Mr. Hamish MacCunn, his ballad for orchestra, "The Ship o' the Fiend," and his overture, "The Dowie Dens o' Yarrow."

MR. GORING THOMAS has re-written the fourth act of "Esmeralda" for the Italian stage, restoring the tragic close, in accordance with the original idea of Victor Hugo.

THE well-known contralto, Miss Hope Glen, has accepted an engagement to sing at Worcester (Mass., U.S.A.), but will return to England before Christmas.

ERRATUM.

IN article "St. Petersburg Conservatoire," in September issue, Rubinstein's name should be Anton Gregorievitch instead of as given.

Trade orders for the "Magazine of Music" to be sent to Messrs. Kent & Co., 28 Paternoster Row. Subscriptions to "Magazine of Music," Abinger House, 138 Dalzell Road, Brixton, London. Advertisements to Business Manager, "Magazine of Music" Office, St. Martin's House, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

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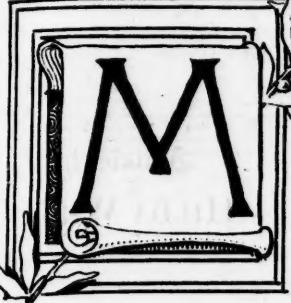
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M. Haas





MAGAZINE OF MUSIC



SUPPLEMENT.

OCTOBER 1888.

THE BOATS ARE COMING HOME.

SONG.

HILDA WALLER.

HYMN OF FAITH.

FROM

A SYNAGOGUE SERVICE.

“THE BOATS ARE COMING HOME.”

SONG.

Words by
SARAH DOUDNEY.

Music by
HILDA WALLER.

Allegro.

VOICE.

PIANO.

There's

light up-on the sea to-day, And glad-ness on the strand;..... Ah!...

well they know that heart's are gay When sails draw nigh the land!..... We

fol - low'd them with thoughts and tears, Far, far across the foam; Dear
 LER.
 nf
 ere's
 h!
 We

fol - low'd them with thoughts and tears, Far, far across the foam; Dear
 Lord, it seems a thou - sand years Un - til..... the boats come home, Un.
 - til the boats come home, Un - til the boats come home, Dear
 Lord, it seems a thou - sand years Un - til.... the boats come home,

come home!

a tempo

ff

dim.

p Doloroso

We tend the chil - - dren,

rall.

pp

cres.

Agitato f.

dolce

live our life,..... And toil, and mend the nets;..... But

cres.

f

p

f

is there ev - er maid or wife Whose faith - ful heart for - gets?..... We

f

f

know what cru - el dan - gers lie Be -neath the shin - ing
dim.

f *dim.*

cres. *ff*

foam,..... And watch the chang - es in the sky Un.
cres. *ff*

dim. e rall. *a tempo*

- til..... the boats come home,..... come..... home.
dim. e rall.

mf

There's *s*

glo - ry on the sea to - day, The sun - set gold is bright;..... Me -
mf
 - thought I heard a grand-sire say, "At eve.... it will be light!"..... O'er
 waves of crys - tal touch'd with fire, And flakes of pearl - y foam,..... We
f
 gaze and see our hearts desire, The boats are com - ing home,..... The
dim. *rall.* *animato* *mf*
dim. *rall.*

Me -

Animato

boats are com - ing home,..... The boats are com - ing home,..... We

cres.

O'er

gaze and see our hearts de-sire, The boats are com - ing home,..... We

ff

We

cres.

gaze and see our hearts de-sire, The boats..... are com - - ing

ff

rall.

cres.

ff

rall.

The

home, com - ing home.

ff

HYMN OF FAITH.

N^o 4.

A Synagogue Service.

Largo con espressione.

The musical score consists of five staves of music for piano or organ, arranged in two systems. The first system begins with a treble clef staff in 3/4 time, marked *p*. It transitions to a bass clef staff in 3/4 time, marked *p*. The second system begins with a treble clef staff in 3/4 time, marked *mf*. It transitions to a bass clef staff in 3/4 time, marked *f*. The third system begins with a treble clef staff in 3/4 time, marked *p*, and includes a dynamic instruction "D. C." followed by a repeat sign. It transitions to a bass clef staff in 3/4 time, marked *ff*. The fourth system begins with a treble clef staff in 3/4 time, marked *p*, and includes a dynamic instruction "rit." (ritardando) followed by a repeat sign. It transitions to a bass clef staff in 3/4 time, marked *p*.